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ACHMET'S FEAST,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

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BY

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Introduction	vii
Achmet's Feast	1
The Two Sisters	49
The Bandit's Cave	60
Lord Percy	65
The Maid of the Hyacinth Bower	70
Woman	72
The Gate-keeper's Daughter	73
On the loss of the Rothsay Castle Steam Packet	75
On the wreck	78
On the unknown female cast-away upon the beach from the wreck	79
The death of the undutiful	81
The Island of Spirits	83
First Love	85
Solitude	87
Blighted Hopes	88
Dost ask me why I love thee?	89
Isabel	90
Retrospection	91
Age	92
Farewell	93
Alice Lea	95
To a Lady on hearing her play a plaintive air	97

	Page.
Sunset	99
The Mother and the Child	100
To—————	101
Meditations on the Sea Shore	102
A Widow	103
The Motherless Boy	104
The Death of Alexander	105
The Christian and the Mahometan	107
The universal watchfulness of Providence	110
On the Death of a young and beautiful Girl, a Friend of the Author	113
On the same subject	114
Belshazzar's Feast	115
The Crucifixion	117
Israel	119
Lines written to a Friend	120
Contemplation	121
The joy of Grief ,	122
The Wanton	123
The young and the beautiful Dead	125
Thoughts on Death	126
A Hymn	128
A Hymn of Supplication	129
A Ballad	131
Death	132
Contemplations by Moonlight	135
Maria	138
Armeda	139

CONTENTS.

v.

	Page.
Love	143
Pity for another's Guilt	145
False Friends	146
The Defeat	147
The Spy	148
The Roman	149
Egypt	151
Who loves me?	153
Beauty, expiring	155
The Tear of Charity	156
Lines suggested by the Lamented Death of a Young Man of great attainments, in his Fifteenth year	158
Song	160
Thou wast not false	161
The Faded Flower	162
The Shade of the Departed	164
Portrait	165
The Rake to his Lost Love	166
The Vanity of Life	167
Reflections at Twilight	168
Lines on the Death of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry	169
Song	172
Reflections on Death	174
L. E. L.	175
My Native Land	176
The Fall of Warsaw	177

	Page.
A Lovers Lament	179
On a Lady's Eyes	180
On a Poor Sailor	181
The Frailty of Human Life	183
To Helen	184
On a Young Lady who went into Widow's Weeds on the death of her betrothed	185
Agnes	187
A Tear	188
The brave Poles	189
To a nameless Fair One	190
The meeting of Love, Laughter, Sorrow, and Regret	191
Memory	192
The Lily	193
Pity	195
Lines on the Death of Lord Byron	197
Poland	199
Finale	200

INTRODUCTION.

Hail genial spring! sweet smiling maid
Clad in thy robe of green,
Deck'd with the wild flower of the glade,
Dancing upon the sweet grass blade
Hail nature's virgin queen!

Thy smiles, are beacons to my heart,
Fresh hopelings to my breast,
For I have felt the winter's smart,
And bow'd beneath affliction's dart,
Sorrowing and distress.

But thou, sweet spring, with beaming eye,
Lighting thy gentle way,
Makes my chill blood extatic fly,
Whilst thinking that adversity,
Will bend before thy ray.

For in the last sad fleeting year,
Thy smiles were hid, thy robe was drear,
Thy tripping steps I only caught,
To know the sorrows they had brought ;
And all thy playfulness, was gloom ;
My hopes were withering in the tomb ;
And joy, and every earthly thing,
Seem'd woe to me. Oh beauteous spring !
The leaf that deck'd the budding tree,
But raised remembrances, to me,
Of those, who watch'd with eager eye,
The budding of my infancy ;
But now, with love no longer gaze,
Reft in the summer of their days.
Oh ! my sweet mother, can I tell
Thy name ? My very tongue would swell,
And cleave unto its feverish fane,
In calling, " mother," once again :
I cannot write, or think of thee,
My very heart, with agony,
Stays in my breast its eager beat ;
My forehead glows with feverish heat,
And tears, that from my eye lids break,
Scald my pale, sad, yet burning cheek.

Oh ! my sweet mother, let me dream,
And sail with thought's impetuous stream,
Fancy, thou art alive once more,—
The same bright being as before.

Thy smile to me was hope ; thy shrine
My worship ; from those lips of thine,
First did I hear the notes of love,
Speak to me of a God above.

And in my simple childhood's prayer,
Sweet mother, kneeling at thy chair,
My lisping voice would faltering raise,
The infant's fluttering notes of praise.
Who told thy wondering child of death
And the great Lord of Nazareth,
Who suffered on the cross, to save
The soul of man beyond the grave ?
I listen'd, and my little brain,
Reverberated thy words again.

I could not think that smiling eye,
That kindly loving face could die,
And every glowing feature set
Clammy and cold ; I knew not yet,
Although I heard of it with dread,
That all must die. And thou art dead !

Oh ! that I were the floweret.
Still young, as when thy smiles I met,
The happy, hoping spirit, wild,
Glowing with love,—thy infant child,—
Still hanging fondly on thy breast,
By thy warm kiss and smile carressed.
Knowing no other world than thee,
Sweet day-star of my infancy.

Watch'd my sweet mother, through long years,
Alternately of joy and tears,
As health or sickness, held the sway,
O'er my young budding early day.
Oh I could paint the realms above !
The simile,—a mother's love,—
The gentleness,—a mother's bliss,—
The purity,—a mother's kiss.

I never shall forget my heart,
When first a schoolboy—doom'd to part
For months with thee ; I brush'd away
With childish pride the tear that lay
In my wet lash, lest thou shouldst see
I wept, to part, sweet soul, with thee.

But when I lay, my weary head,
Upon the new and stranger bed,
A draught of sorrow, did I take
As if my boyish heart would break :

'Twas a short parting ; time has ran,
Thy infant has become a man,
And though from school, and thralldom freed,
I'm doom'd to part with thee indeed.
And other tears bedew my bed.
Can I believe it ? Thou art dead !

When first the muse inspir'd my pen,
I ran to thee, to list' again
To thy sweet words of flattering praise,
So motherlike —pour'd on my lays.
And I have seen, with conscious pride,
Thy soft hands put my works aside,
However humble was their cost,
Lest aught of mine, should e'er be lost;
For thou didst look with conscious joy,
Upon the efforts of thy boy ;
Though poor, to all the world beside,
My efforts were my mother's pride.
And I would give the world away,
Its praise, its honors ;—gladly lay,

A welcome tribute, at the shrine,
To listen to one word of thine.
For thou wast all the world to me,—
Its honor, its variety,—
The centre of my hopes, the sphere,
The circle, wherein all was dear ;
I look'd not,—dreamt not of another,—
My Heaven, my Earth, was in my Mother !

And thou my father, I have felt
A sickening void, since ghast I knelt
Beside thy dying couch ; and pray'd
The prayer my misery had made :
Week after week, I saw thee wane,
And death his still cold victory gain,
And yet, with what meek penitence
Thy doom was borne, the ray of sense
And reason's finest fibres grew,
As life and worldly powers withdrew.
Yes thy last words, I'll fondly bear
And as a frontlet ever wear ;
My guides through life, in death, my ray
Of hope, to chase its fears away.

ACHMET'S FEAST.

THE shades of midnight were upon the deep,
And surges hush'd the Syren maid to sleep,—
Who dwells in coral rocks, where billows curl
O'er the bright palaces of sparkling pearl,
And Genii, chained to all eternity,
Groan in that deep and terrible dark sea
Whose waters bubble, as the curses flow
From burning lips of spirits pent below.
In this the hour of chilly damp,
A single star was nature's lamp,
Upon the waters pure and bright
It cast its pale, but lovely light,
Which seem'd to dance with extacy
In the dark mirror of the sea ;

And every rolling wave, the while
It shone return'd it smile for smile.
But who was that bold spirit, when
Sleep hush'd the busy noise of men,
And spread her downy pinions o'er,
The silent, still, and distant shore,
His paddle on the waters plied,
And dar'd the midnight stormy tide?
In that pass of the Bosphorus,
Where rocks are sharp and eddies rush,
And mariners in open day
Are fearful when they steer that way.
The voyager he had come from far,
His sole companion was the star;
Though beautiful it shone and clear
To him it was not half so dear
As that the fair planet who watch'd for his boat
Brighter by far than the star above;
The one was a beacon to light his caote
The other more pure, was the beacon of love.
No danger upon man could break
But he would hazard for her sake,

No peril that could meet the eye
But her fair form, could modify.
The spray which fell o'er that canoe
Was like the drops of evening dew,
The tear of heaven the angel's gem
Which hangs upon the violet's stem.
He gains the beach, the inlet's fount,
The boat is moor'd and safe aground :
You scarce had heard his gentle tread,
But for the leaves on myrtle bed ;
Which rustled like the thicket, when
The cautious panther leaves his den,
The drowsy stag starts up to hear
These sounds of danger and of fear,
Snuffing the gale it hastes away,
And cheats the monster of his prey.
Thus Hyro, with the panther's tread,
By love's more gentle errand led,
In fearful agony perceives
The rustling of the myrtle leaves ;
For by their footsteps he can tell
The near approach of Sentinel,

Listens awhile, and draws his breath
In silence,—to be heard is death ;
For closely watch'd are the Harem's bounds,
And bold is he, who dare intrude
At midnight, through the silent grounds
To break that awful solitude.—
Though all around was dark and dim,
Yet sweets ambrosials still were flying,
But they were lost as much to him,
As spendid couches to the dying.—
The guards are gone, with heart elate
He hears their footsteps pass the gate.—
No more detain'd by rustling flower
He swiftly hastes to Ada's bower,—
For 'tis the blest appointed hour. }
A light burns pale, placed to discover
The grove, where rests his fondest treasure,
It scarcely gleams, but to a lover
'Tis brilliant as the eye of pleasure.—
In the midst of a beautiful garden glowing
In all the sweets of an Eastern clime,
With the founts from marble basins flowing
And rip'ling lightly through beds of thyme,

Was Ada's bower, where the tender vine
Through gilded lattices lov'd to twine.
There Ada fond expectant maid
At this lone hour from chamber stray'd,
When all beside were wrapt in sleep,
And guards, who to the midnight keep
Their silent watch, when the lone bell
Sounded o'er Mosque and Citadel,—
Retired to rest, 'twas then she came
And at her window placed the flame.
Watching each murmur of the breeze
Which play'd amidst the grove of trees—
In every falling leaf she thought,
The noise of footsteps she had caught.—
But disappointed, till she grew
Weary of leaves, and listening too,
Her heavy eyelids closed and she
Slept, but without tranquility.
When Hyro hast'ning to the bower
Had kissed her feverish lip,
And like the bee upon the flower
Her honied breath to sip

Seemed more to him than mortal bliss
The votive pledge he paid,
And having imprinted a tender kiss
He gazed upon the maid.—
'Twas true indeed his Ada slept
But her slumber seem'd to break
And ever and anon she wept
And the tear was on her cheek :
He watch'd it yes and he thought it one
Purer by far than an Eastern gem,
More chaste it was, and more bright it shone,
Than the pride of the monarchs diadem.—
Yes Ada was a lovely child
He gazed o'er her whilst she slept.
All used to smile, when Ada smiled,
And weep whene'er she wept.—
She dreamt it was the close of day,
As on her couch of silk she lay.
A minstrel to beguile the hour
Was singing sweetly at her bower,
And lightly as with trembling finger,
He touch'd the chords to notes of fire

Upon her passions seem'd to linger
An echo, from the quivering wire,
Thus singing to his tuneful lyre.

SONG.

“ Lady here are flowers of blue,
“ Violets, which are spread for you
“ Roses of the deepest dye,
“ Daisies like the stars of sky,
“ Woodbines creeping round the palm,
“ Laurel groves and every charm,
“ Art can give, or man bestow,
“ In this fragile realm below,
“ Still he has forgotten one,
“ Lady thou art left alone,
“ No companion of the heart
“ Loves endearments to impart.
“ One who loves thee with emotion
“ Now is on the stormy sea

“ Yes ! he braves the roaring ocean,
“ All fair Ada, all for thee.
“ Hidden rocks are lurking under,
“ Storms are rising on the water,
“ Hear ye not the distant thunder ?
“ Still he comes to thee fair daughter.
“ Rise then lady from thy pillow,
“ Look upon the giant wave,
“ Mercy ! see the frightful billow
“ Draws him to a watery grave.”

She heard and starting forward cried
Oh ! save my lover from the tide ;
And woke all cold, all pale, and shivering,
Her teeth by fear together prest
And her thin lips both white and quivering,
With beating heart and throbbing breast.
Where is my Hyro ? tell me where ?
She woke and found her lover there.
Oh ! had you seen by the pale tapers light
These lovers the moment they met, and their joy,
Which seemed to be purest and brightest and best,

Like spirits burst forth from the darkness of night,
And ling'ring on earth, for a time, on their flight,
E'er they seek the fair regions, prepared in the sky
For the spirits of Heaven, and the souls which are
blest.

The bright vermilion seem'd to rush
O'er that fair cheek, in modest blush,
And tinged her neck with its rosy dye
As love her light blue veins would fill.—
Whilst a brilliant beam illum'd the eye
Like that of the chrysoberyl :—
A gem in which a meteor burns,
And flashes fire where'er it turns.—
As by the side of the curling billow
A lily blooms beneath a willow,
Through its green branches pure and white
Receiving freshness from the shade,
Thus HYRO hung in fond delight
O'er this his own beloved maid.—
But in this hour of joy and gladness,
His smile but cloth'd a look of sadness,
And o'er his dark and manly brow

A veil of gloom o'erspreading now,
Then parting like the clouds above,
When after showers, the sun will break,
His eye with beams of joy and love,
Drove sorrow from his glowing cheek.—
Whilst ADA, hanging on his breast,
Observ'd the anguish which he hid,
And caught the sigh, though half suppress'd,
And the tear stealing from the lid.—

“HYRO what makes that tear drop flow?

“Oh! tell me, tell me of thy woe,

“My ADA such an anguish rends

“This heart and fills my breast with pain,

“I fear this night our rapture ends,

“And we may never meet again.—

“ACHMET, the Sultan in divan,

“Has summon'd all the young and fair,

“And as thy father serves the man,

“My own dear ADA, must be there.

“He takes the fairest for his queen

“And who is half so fair as you?

“He cannot find a plant so green,

“He cannot tell a heart so true.

“ Perhaps thou wilt deck thyself that night,

“ And make the victory thy own,

“ And all my blissful visions blight,

“ To share the Sultan's glitt'ring throne.

The maiden bursting into tears

Exclaimed “ How cruel are thy fears,

“ Thou canst not doubt me, by yon star !

“ The heavenly gem which shines above,

“ I swear that I would go as far

“ As woman can, to shew her love.

“ I pledge myself by ALLA's shrine

“ And by our holy prophet's mother,

“ I never heard of love but thine,

“ And ne'er can listen to another.

“ Thine absence is like death to me,

“ Thy presence is my cup of life,

“ I swear as I have sworn to be

“ Thine own thine all confiding wife.

“ But should these prospects ever fly,

“ And Mahomet recal thy breath :

“ O horrible ! if thou shouldst die,

“ I then would be thy bride in death !

“ And if our prophet e’er has given,
“ Ear to a feeble woman’s voice,
“ And to the constant opens heaven,
“ Shall we not meet in Paradise ?
“ Doubt thee !” in rapture cried the youth,
“ And doubt the very voice of truth !
“ Believe it not, I might as well,
“ Mistrust my soul, as thee, fair girl,
“ For thou art my soul’s offering,
“ The only hope and living thing,
“ I value on the earth’s wide span.
“ How fall’n is thy state oh man !
“ To hear that fond impassion’d oath,
“ And doubt the spell that binds us both ;—
“ Angels would hasten from the skies
“ To gaze, to listen, and to look,—
“ Yes, bear thy words to Paradise,
“ And write them in the Holy Book.
“ I swear I will be true to thee,
“ By yonder star, by yonder flood,
“ And if thou e’er, art torn from me,
“ Thy price shall be the robber’s blood.”

And as he spoke the last dread word,
His hand was clench'd upon his sword,
His eye was fix'd on her, whose love
Was as the God of his soul's bent,
Nor did he speak, or smile, or move ;—
But as a marble monument,
With pallid cheek, and hand as still
As motionless ! as fixed ! as still !
Or the carv'd idol on the shrine,
The pagan's, self-made Deity,
Worshipp'd as God divine.
But yet, unlike the image, he
Was not the worshipp'd, but of her
He lov'd, he was the worshipper.
To all besides, was HYRO blind.
The trembling ADA stood before him,
And as Eve,—the first of woman kind,—
Look'd on her Adam to adore him.
They lov'd, and all the world was giv'n
To find a place of joy and bliss,
These lovers were each others heaven,
And what was Adam's world to this ?

HYRO, the long still silence, broke,
As from the sleep of death awoke,
And that soul thrilling look he gave,—
When he beheld her love-lit eye,—
Which saints will give, when from the grave
They first behold eternity.

“ Our love, our hope is now reveal'd,
“ Our doom is fix'd, our fate is seal'd,
“ All may go well, and ACHMET choose,
“ Some other beauty for his wife,
“ But if 'tis thee, refuse!—refuse!—
“ Consent not, though he threatens life,
“ And at the last extreme, I know
“ A medicine to cure all woe,
“ If thou hast courage strike the blow !
“ Here is my dagger, tremble not,
“ Better to die without a spot,
“ ADA, on thy chaste name,
“ Than live on earth and breathe air still,
“ A victim to a tyrant's will,
“ In sorrow and in shame.
“ ADA, I trust thee with this blade,

"Not as a curse our joys to blast,
 "And for the sake of me, dear maid,
 "Oh! use it not till hope is past.
 "The morning breaks upon the sea,
 "I leave, but leave, with trust in thee,
 "ALLA preserve and bless;
 "We part, thou angel of the light,
 "But in remembrance of this night
 "Give me that little tress;
 "That lovely lock of thy dark hair,
 "In memory whilst I live to wear,
 "Of ADA's loveliness."

As on the marble floor she knelt,
 She took the dagger from his belt,
 And cut away the braid.

"Take it, my HYRO, whilst I kneel,
 "Thine is the tress and mine the steel,
 "Hear, whilst my prayer is pray'd,—
 "Prophet in mercy turn away
 "From our young hearts this tide of woe,
 "If 'tis a debt that we must pay,
 "Oh! give me strength to strike the blow.

“ Farewell my love, alas farewell !

“ In happier hours, oh think on me,

“ Think on the fond adoring girl

“ That only liv'd to die for thee.

The morning breaks o'er Oman's water,

The ray of light is on the wave.

“ Know HYRO that the vizier's daughter

“ Is much too proud to be a slave.”

Her slender hand with fervour pressing,

As the youth left, the maid adored,

Seem'd like an all preserving blessing

From the great throne of Mercy pour'd,

And as he left the bright Kiosk,

He turned, and looking to the Mosque,

On whose gilt tower the first sun's beam

Glanced faintly and with transient gleam,

Exclaimed, “ Oh, yield not to despair,

“ Remember HYRO will be there.”

Just as the evening sun would set,
O'er palace, mosque, and minaret,
And the Muezzin, from the tower
Warn'd Moslems of devotion's hour.
How beautiful was that thin ray
Which shone upon Byzantiums Bay,—
'Twas pale, and scarce a gleam it gave,
To tinge the azure rippling wave ;—
But still a livid streak of white,
Upon the surge confess'd its light,
And many a ship, with silvery sail
Whilst bending homewards to the gale,
Reflected back across the stream,
This pale, this lovely, last sun's beam.
In that bright garden, on the verge
Of the Propontis—where the surge
Wash'd myrtle groves and mingled shreads
Of the seas weed, with floweret beds.—
'Twas wond'rous charming, there to see
The shrubs of earth, and shells of sea,

And buds of roses wash'd away,
As perfume to the sparkling spray.
And there, to the child of man, was given
An earthly taste of the sweets of Heaven.
Yes there were Eden's brightest flowers,
Her early joys her shady bowers.
And earthly man might there rejoice,
As in his pristine Paradise.
But passion, like the sword of fate,
With fiery flame, that kept the gate
From Adam—in the world's first day,
E'er deluge wash'd its form away,
Now raging, like a flaming brand,
Curses this frail, though lovely land.
The birds of sunshine sing all day,
And deck the groves with plumage gay,
And when they cease their notes to tell
Uprises plaintive Philomel.
The odour of the morning rose
Kisses the zephyr as it blows,
The woodruff and the jessamine
Open their buds to the light of day,

And the fragrant breath of their sweets to win
Is attraction enough for the bright sun's ray.—
When darkness comes, that evening flower
Whose odours are balm to the midnight hour,
Breaths its perfume o'er grove and glade,
Whilst the nightingale sings in the palm tree shade.

There's a cinnamon grove which o'erhangs the
tide,

And sweets aromatic it pours in the deep,

The waters unwilling to part from its side,
In the brightness of chrystal, beneath the trees sleep;
And in that cool delightful shade
Lay ADA sweet and gentle maid,

Reclining on a couch of roses,
And gazing o'er the tranquil water,—

As love in his sweet bower reposes—
Thus sat the Vizier's lovely daughter.
She had that feeling most intense
Of all our pangs; dark suspense.
The hour of doubt, by hope still fed,
More keen than any woes we dread.
She sat in silence, till a shout

Was heard to echo from without,
And starting from her seat, she listen'd
Whilst like a gem her bright eye glistened.
Where is my ADA? where my child?—
She knew her father's voice and smiled,
And swiftly hastened forth to meet him,—
To love, to honour, and to greet him.
He clasp'd his child and bid her speak
And say why pallid was her cheek.—
The old man looked upon the maid
And then to Heaven 'twas thus he said :
“ Oh thanks to mighty Mahomet
“ That as my sun of life must set
“ He leaves a star to twinkle yet. }
“ A meteor beautiful and mild
“ A living pledge, in thee my child.
“ To-morrow ADA, all the pride—
“ And beauty, that our land can boast
“ Assemble ;—she will be the bride
“ Of ACHMET, who shall shine the most.
“ And dearest ADA,—if those eyes
“ Divinely bright should win the prize—

“ Then may the dull and dismal grave
“ Take to the earth what first she gave.
“ And crumbling into dust again
“ The worm may hold corruptions reign.
“ If I shall live to see the hour
“ That thou, my loved and cherish'd flower
“ Now to the age of woman grown,
“ Thought worthy of a Sultan's throne.—
“ Thus ADA, bending on her knee,
“ Oh ! father, I have look'd to thee,
“ With love and duty, and with fear,
“ My love, you know, has been sincere,
“ My duty, what a child should give,
“ To those, in whom we breath and live.
“ My fear, that reverential awe,
“ Commanded by our prophet's law.
“ I never asked of thee a boon
“ Or costly gift however dear,
“ But it was granted me, as soon
“ As the words died upon thine ear.
“ My father, since in thee I live,
“ And all I ask, is thine to give,

“Cast me not from thee, at the shrine,

“Ambition would pretend is thine,

“A victim to a tyrant's will,—

“Oh! let me be thy ADA still.

The Vizier answered “ADA dear,

“Such childish words I will not hear.

“You speak of what you do not know,

“And call the Sultan tyrant. No,

“He is the father of the land,

“And nations tremble at his nod,

“With power and mercy in his hand,

“He is the “shadow of his God.”

“A thousand lovely eyes look on,

“In him a deep delight possessing,

“To-morrow he will choose but one,

“And may that lot be ADA's blessing.

“The maiden clasp'd her hands and cried

“I ne'er will be the Sultan's bride.

“Father you cannot wish me worse,

“That lot would be thy ADA's curse.

“To wed the man I shall abhor,

“Is but to be his paramour.

“With these small hands I’d tear away
“The little beauty which you say,
“In flattery perhaps that I possess.
“Spoiling a form of loveliness,
“To me would wear no garb of sin,
“When ’tis to keep all pure within;
“And to preserve the loveliest part
“Entire, the chastity of heart.
“And father, though this person’s thine,
“The blood which flows within is mine.—
If you had marked the agony,
Of the old man, the stifled sigh
The swelling veins, as the blood ran
Across his forehead pale and wan,—
Where the blanched eyebrow would not sheath
The balls of fire which burned beneath.
Then had you seen the conflict glow
Of love and anger, rage and woe.
“Oh! ALLA! is it come to this?
“To curse, me when I would have smiled,
“And blight the promised dream of bliss,
“By disobedience in my child.

"It must not, cannot, shall not be,

"'Tis but a girl's frivolity.

"Uprise then ADA from thy knee.

She rose and saw the stormy brow,

The maddening anger of her sire

Unmoved, nor did she bend or bow

Before that dreadful look of fire.

But when she saw, the storm was o'er,

And from his grey lash, the tear stealing,

She wept, but could refuse no more,

And yielded to that burst of feeling.

"I go my father, ADA goes,

"Though 'tis to tempt the worst of woes.

"Forget this moment, and forgive,

"And never father, whilst I live,

"Will I to wish or hope incline,

"Or have desire, if 'tis not thine.

All anger then her sire forsook,

His voice was calm, and chang'd his look.

As when the lion o'er his prey

Frowns, as it struggles in dismay,

Beneath his talons, see the beast

Half maddening o'er his savage feast.

But when resistance is no more,
And the poor victim's struggle's o'er,
That anger swiftly wings away,
And he is tranquil o'er his prey.
ABHASSAN kiss'd his child's fair cheek,
Who stood before him, mild and meek,
And said, "My ADA, thou hast power,
"By thy bright charms, to bless the hour
"That gave thee birth,—'tis not alone
"For thine own bliss to seek the throne—
"But mine ;—for maiden to obtain
"Honor thyself,—to me will gain
"Security, in place and life,—
"If ADA be the Sultan's wife.
"Then deck thyself in jewels rare,
"Such gems as none but Queens should wear,
"That ACHMET may behold their glare.
"Farewell ! Remember child, to-morrow
"Will be a day of joy or sorrow."
The maiden, as her sire withdrew,
Utter'd a faint, but fond adieu.

ABHASSAN, to the bower, had brought,
Each gift, that could adorn the fair,
Rich silks, and stuffs, of every sort,
Caskets of jewels, rich and rare,
The emerald, and the sapphire stone,—
Like sea and sky together shone.—
The first was of the ocean's hue,
The sapphire was, as the heaven's are, blue.

THE FEAST.

The lovely, young, and beautiful, the daughters
of the East,

From every province of his land, came to the
Sultan's feast.

The fairest children of the Sun, on whom he
shone with pride,

The brightest, and the loveliest one, must be the
Sultan's bride.

And there, the timid Greek, whose eye

Was darker, than the jet stone's dye,

With locks of raven black in tresses,

Tinging a neck of ivory,

Graceful, and timid, as the fawn,

When waking first, at early morn,

Has from its mother stray'd,

Quivering, with chill and anxious fear,
It seeks her, though the herd of deer—

Thus stood the trembling maid.

And there, the child from banks of Nile,
With hazel eyes, which ever smile—
Yet seem majestic all the while: .

So playful, that they never tire,
Yet bright as lamps, of living fire—
Clouds, are dispell'd by their clear ray,
And evening, far outshines the day.

There was the virgin Arab—wild,
Daughter of outcast Ishmael—

The wand'ring maid, the desert's child,
Fair as Rebecca at the well.

There Georgians, with their black eyes beaming,
With dimpled cheek, and slender waist,

And Persian girls, with jewels gleaming,
Around the Monarch's hall were placed.

The beauty of the empire there,
The choicest buds, that bloom in spring,

The fairest daughters of the fair ;—
Like doves upon the trembling wing,

When first, from some steep cliff they try,
Their glitt'ring pinions to the sky.

Oh! yes, in the spring time, all blooming and
young,
Like the flowers which once grew, in the garden
of bliss—

The emblems of heaven, yet the place where
they sprung,
In splendour could scarcely be brighter than this.

Brilliantly lighted, was the hall,
At ACHMET's lordly festival—
The feast of Asia's mighty one,
Where dazzling eyes, like meteors shone.
There harps, through golden arches rung,
As minstrel's, to the soft notes sung.
And dancing, many a joyous maid,
In splendid bower and colonade,
O'er marble pavement lightly bounding,
With joyful step and sprightly measure,
Whilst, the loud cymbals clash was sounding,
And their bright cheeks were flush'd with pleasure;

Extatic as the dove which flew,
First from the ark o'er that deep water,
When from delight, she weary grew,
And flutter'd on the branch which caught her.

In early youth, there is a glow
Like the bliss of immortality,
When joys from purest fountains flow
And visions, seem reality—

Whilst hope, is dancing through the brain,
And gilding the futurity,

'Tis known but once, and ne'er again,
Will it shine with its first purity.
Yes, danced the maids, and laughed and smiled,
So gracefully, and yet so wild,—
It seem'd, like nature first awaking,
From the long sleep she had been taking—
And innocence, let loose again,
Surprised once more, to hold her reign,
And driving off, all melancholy,
Was almost rushing into folly.

When trumpet, drum, and cymbal ringing,
Proclaim'd the Sultan near;

And many a merry nymph, just singing
Paused with a look of fear.

He entered, through the gilded arch—
Minstrels proclaim'd the monarch's march.
With anxious eye, the prince survey'd
Each lovely girl, and glowing maid,
Forming a circle round the king—

Oh! ne'er was seen so bright a ring.
'Twas, as a garland of beautiful flowers.
Pluck'd from the fairest and loveliest bowers,
The choicest plants, of the early spring.

Yes, ACHMET with delight beheld;
The maidens as their bright eyes shone,
And thought each face he met, excell'd
'The former he had look'd upon.

And as each beauteous eye he met,
He seem'd, whilst wandering, to forget

All others whilst he gazed.
The glare of beauty was so strong,
The maidens, were so fair and young,
The Monarch was amazed.

But there was one, more bright than all,

The fairest gem of the festival.
As the diamond, amidst beryls set
In splendour adorns the Coronet,
 Whilst the stones, of a humbler tint and lustre
Which sparkle around the diadem,—
 Tho' forming together a beautiful cluster,
Are far outshone by the princely gem.
So ADA, gentle child of love,
Like a spirit from the realms above ;
Tho' driven from its native sky,
Still soars beyond mortality.

And who could doubt, but she would gain,
The prize so many breasts were seeking,
 The joys they felt, to her were pain,—
And whilst they smiled,—her heart was breaking.
The tear, that glisten'd in her eye,
But made it of a lovelier dye.

Her pallid cheek, as the maid trembled
And quivered, as she heav'd her breath,
 In loveliness, and fear resembled
EVE when she listen'd first of death.
The doom was fix'd and she heard the cry
Through the chamber of festivity.

A thousand fair forms knelt before her
To bless, to honour and adore her.
She was the bride, the Sultan's choice,
Queen of the East, and every voice
Pour'd blessings, as she past along
In agony, through the splendid throng.

But every blessing, which was given
By servile slaves, such anguish brought her,
That it seem'd as the deadliest curse of heaven
To break the bliss of her fairest daughter.

ACHMET with rapturous fervour said,
As through the halls to the throne they sped,
Oh! thanks to the kind power that gave
A form so lovely to thy slave.
Happy indeed, shall I have been
To have found an angel for my queen.

He placed her by his side,
And bid the heralds loudly cry,
From the gilded roof to the vaulted sky
That ADA was his bride.

The maid, sat trembling on the throne,
Whilst the glittering canopy o'er her shone.

Her eye was fixed on the marble floor—
More bright than the sparkling gems she wore.
The Sultan watch'd her with delight,
And laugh'd and smiled on that festive night.
'This day of pomp, this hour of pride,
Gave joy to all, except the bride,
She had but one, one dismal thought
Which so upon her feeling wrought;
It seem'd that providence decreed,
And urged her hand to do the deed.
Yet, in the midst of this crowded hall
Where every eye on the bride must fall;
She could not unobserved destroy—
She dared, and yet she could not, die.
'Tis said, and holy fathers tell
The suicide is the child of hell—
Hopeless of joy or bliss hereafter;—
Whilst they who pass their days in laughter
And go in quiet to the grave;
Though guilty—mercy's hand may save.
But to the suicide, hapless one—
Of mercy there alas ! is none.

Before the crime, no cup but woe
Tasting, the bitterest dregs that flow—
In life's course, nought but misery
And fire eternal when they die.
Curst after, as they were before,
And doom'd to woe, for evermore.
Yet passing by, the lonely bed
Of the frail unhallow'd dead,
Where is the wretch no tear will shed.
And whilst to the tale of woe, men listen
Does not a tear in the dark eye glisten.

Since then, a child of mortality
Can weep o'er a spirit so sad as this.

Oh! shall not the angel of the sky
Bear it, on mercy's wing, to bliss?
The Sultan saw the tear which broke
From the bright eye, and thus he spoke:
ADA, young daughter of delight,
Why weep ye on this glorious night,
And look so sad,—is it for fear
Of ACHMET? Did you know how dear
You are to him, and the bliss it gave

The monarch, to be called your slave,
Then would that fear, to pity turn
Nor would you with unkindness spurn
The man, who loves you more than life,
The man, who claims you for his wife.
Cheer up, he cried, and turning round
He bid the minstrels, loudly sound
Their harps,—when one, both young and fair,
Approach'd the Prince alone—
And thus with mild and plaintive air—
He sung before the throne.—

SONG.

“ A noble, has a thousand doves,
“ As fair as they can be,
“ And all the flock, the monarch loves
“ But one belongs to me.
“ But since the morning sun has shone,
“ The noble went to the aviary.
“ He chose from the flock, the fairest one,
“ And fixed on her, who belongs to me.

“ But as he took her, through the grate
“ And from the cage he drew,
“ Her loving but her helpless mate
“ From the same lattice flew,
“ And hover'd round, though fearfully
“ Her destiny to see.
“ But soon shall she flutter cheerfully,
“ For his darling shall be free.”

Then ACHMET, look'd upon the youth,
Whose form and features, seem'd in truth
But ill to suit the humble line
Of strolling minstrel, by the shrine

Of Mahomet,—“ Thy words are deep,
“ I know thee well, the monarch cries—
“ Guards bear him to the dungeon's keep,
“ For treachery lurks, in that disguise.”

Out sprung full many a flashing blade
And brandish'd o'er the minstrel's head.—

The first who seized him, forfeit paid
And roll'd before the monarch dead.

It was no single arm which drew

The blade of death,—rebellion flew
Upon the mighty wings of power.
Now ACHMET, is the doubtful hour—
A hundred falchions seek thy life
HYRO the Grecian leads the strife.
Thousands sprang to the monarch's aid,
With nervous arm and shining blade,
Falling like lions on their prey—
The rebels still upheld the fray.
Now ACHMET, if thy guards are true,
 Their numbers save thy life,
And woe unto the rebel crew,
So brave, so desperate, yet so few
 Who hurry to the strife.
Guards, to the rescue fly,
The monarch, never had such need,
His boldest faint, his bravest bleed—
 Rebellions crest is high.
The traitor band, but numbers small,
Yet fierce and valiant are they all—
 Despair is in their breath.
They know retreat is lost and gone,

That very madness hurls them on
To slaughter and to death.—
The cry, that fill'd this hall of blood—
Rose, like the last howl at the flood,
When the high mountain top, no more
Preserved the crowd of dying mothers,
Who loosed the children, which they bore,
And, clinging to their famish'd brothers,
Who still hung to the branches by,
Yet fainted, at the dismal cry.
The women trembling at the sight
Fled screaming from the dreadful fight
Into the Harem ground.
Yet many a fair and lovely daughter
After that dismal scene of slaughter
Amidst the dead were found.
So secret had their schemes been kept
The rebels to the banquet crept
Unnoticed by the guard.
For they were listening to the lay,
So sweetly did the minstrel play,
HYRO the rebel bard.

Part of his band, like harpers clad
Disguised the deadly arms they had—
Whilst others, in the garden knew
The signal when the panic grew,
And rushing forward to the cry—
That key of conquest—Liberty !

Spread havoc through the hall.
Whilst, lamp and glittering chandelier,
Beneath contending sword and spear
In mingled fragments fall.

Advancing some,—whilst others fled,
O'er heaps of dying and the dead—
And some, lay prostrate on the floor,
Made slippery by the stream of gore,
And trampled by the foeman's heel,
Yielded their lives untouch'd by steel.
The lamps were broken, dread and dark,

Yet clamorous was the fight.—
When from the roof, fell crackling spark,
And instantly a light
Glared horribly, from gilded ceiling,
On every visage paleness dealing,—

And whilst the burning rafters fell,
It was a dark foretaste of hell,—
So gastly and so terrible.

And clouds of smoak, obscured the sight,
And from the red blaze, hid the fight ;
When sounded that extatic cry
That soul spoke word of—Victory !
HYRO had fought his desperate way
And led the rebels to the fray—

His scimitar, had been his guide
And whilst 'twas glittering above,

He cut a channel through the tide,
For what ? a gentle woman's love !

He was a traitor, yet the prize
Was dearer than his sovereign's land,

His beacon, was a woman's eyes,
His spell to conquest, was her hand.

All other feelings, lost to this,
No other hope, no other bliss.

By force alone, he could obtain
All that his bosom wish'd to gain.

He knew the vow, his ADA gave,
He fought but twas her life to save
Or else to share the self same grave.
The hall is clear'd, the Sultan fled,
His guards dispersed, or maimed, or dead,

}

The palace in a blaze.—

HYRO, with thrilling bugle note,
Summons'd his warriors to the boat

Which near the garden lays.

Seizing from one, a glaring torch,

He hurries swiftly to the porch,

And crying ADA where art thou?

I've won! but I have lost thee now.

Despairing; when he stumbled o'er

A lovely woman drenched in gore.

He saw 'twas her, he trembling raised,

And like a frantic maniac gazed,

Then took her neath his arm.—

And with his band he bore away

The lifeless, but the lovely clay,

From danger and alarm.

He placed her quickly in the bark,

With his fond arm for a pillow,
And in that midnight dread and dark

He bore her on the billow,
Just as the boat was making way
And the last oar had met the spray—

A light, of awful grandeur, burst upon
And flaring widely o'er the oceans bed

In crimson flame, above the city shone,
Tinging the waters with a glare of red—

So deep that e'en the river's flood
Roll'd onwards like a stream of blood—

And the illumin'd arch of sky,

Hung as a crimson canopy.—

O'er Mosque and Palace, as the fires

Spread on the wings of desolation,

Gilding the distant tower and spires,

It seem'd the struggle of a nation,

To burst that chain, which had enthrall'd—

And just as the bright hour was won,

The very victor was appall'd,—

And trembled, when the deed was done.

Yes HYRO, as upon the water

Watching the maid with steadfast eyes,
He wept to think that he had bought her
A lifeless though a glorious prize.
Then look'd upon the burning town,
Whose flaming ramparts seem'd to frown,
On him who had disturbed the hour,
With piercing shriek and falling tower.
His face it was as ghastly pale and white,
As hers whom he watched by the awful light,
Of the burning city.—“Thou art dead
“My fair one, and all hope is fled.
“I have disturbed a tyrant's peace,
“But 'twas for ADA and for Greece !
“Revenge is mine, but ADA lost,
“The victory is not worth its cost.
“But oh ! she breaths, she stirs, she moves
“And perhaps will bless the man she loves.”
ADA but swoon'd, she woke and scream'd
As the distant fire o'er ocean gleam'd,
She look'd like one awoke from sleep,
And wildly gazed upon the deep,
Crying aloud “Oh ! tell me whither

"Ye bare, and how you brought me hither.

"'Tis as a dream Oh ! save me, save,

"Thy prisoner from that blood red wave.

"Oh ! are ye spirits of the grave,

"Or are ye living men ?

"Why bring me from my native bower,

"If ye be mortal, and have power,

"Oh ! take me there again.

"My sire with treasure will reward

"But punisheth with fire and sword."

ADA ? cried the delighted lover,

That living anger to discover.

She started. "Is it thee ?

"Yes ADA, I am thy liege lord,

"And I have won thee by my sword,

"And will you punish me ?

"These arms are blood-stained, 'twas to save

"My ADA from a self sought grave.

"Now thou art safe, and I will guide

"My bark to my native shore,

"Yes thou shall be thy HYRO's bride

"And we will part no more.

“The morning sun appears
 “To peep from the ocean’s bed,
“Oh! ADA dry thy tears,
 “All danger maid is fled.
“The burning palace fades away
 “The clouds are clear above,
“Rejoice my ADA it is day,
 “It wakes our hearts to love.
“I’ll bear thee to my native Isle,
“Where hearts are free, and roses smile,
“There we will love, o’er distant waves,
“Far from the tyrant and his slaves.”

Love, wondrous love, where e’er thy bow
Has been well strung, and sent its feather,
Transfixing two young hearts, we know
Through life will they be twined together :
Yes, love, when thou hast bound the chain
Of fondness—nought on earth shall sever,
No power, no might, shall part again,
Two hearts, once twin, are twin for ever.

Tell me not, ye of colder clay,
That true love ever knows decay—
That love grows darker as the night,
And fades, as flowers of beauty bright.
True love, I'm speaking when 'tis true
And mutual, never found decay ;
But ever, ever brighter grew,—
As brighter, brighter grows the day.
Yes, love is a devouring flame,
It gleams not, with half-lighted coals,
It wavers not, but is the same
Bold, passionate, warm, fire of souls ;
'Tis all, or none, 'tis fixed as fate,
And knows no other change, but hate.
Love can all luxuries create,
That smiling joy would taste,
A palace in the wilderness,
A city in the waste.
A downy bed of rushes,
Skies canopy above,
And a heaven in the blushes
Of the angel that we love.

In love consists the joy of youth,

Its source is from above ;

And age but comes to shew the truth—

The purity of love.

Yes! in the winter of man's days,

So far his life has blissful proved,

And pleasure counted her bright rays,

As he has loved and been beloved.

THE
TWO SISTERS.

A BALLAD.

Two maidens dwelt in their father's hall,
As fair as they could be ;
Both bright as the sun at evening fall,
As it beams upon the sea.—

The one had raven black long hair,
That hung down a neck of snow,
And cluster'd above a brow as fair,
As the lily in purest blow.—

Her lips, they were as a scarlet thread,
And bright flash'd her hazel eye ;
Through lashes of silk, from which love sped,
As the meteor that floats on high.—

Mild was her look, but lofty her mien,
For palace and court was rife ;
For none would have shone a nobler queen,
And none a more lovely wife.

Such was the first and beautiful maid,
A sparkle of sky on earth ;
And they gave her the name of ADELAIDE,
The star of a noble birth.

The other had a clear blue eye,
And her light hair hung in each tress,
Down the purest neck of ivory,
That language can express.

And laugh and smile, played on her lip,
Whilst love lit up her soul ;
And pleasure and laughter seem'd to sip
Delight from her blue eyes roll.

For 'twas witchingly fair, and archly set,
Within its sleepy lid,
Yet scarcely knew whate'er it met,
The mischief that it did.

As a child, she was as the nurse's dove,
Acute in joy or pain ;
And they christen'd this young lady love
By the name of gentle JANE.

Now a great lord came to her father's hall,
And his spurs were wrought of gold ;
And two noble squires, attended his call,
His stirrup and steed to hold.

And each of the squires was a noble's son,
And noble was the knight,
His honors and titles he had won
In the battle-field and fight.

And no lord, at tilt or tournament,
Was so splendidly deck'd as him ;
And his jewels were as the firmament
Of stars, that make lamps dim.

He rode his horse, with an Arab's grace,
And sat on his saddle, in height
The tallest man of the tilting place :
They call'd him the Golden Knight.

The noble received him with courtesy,
At his table the knight was plac'd;
But much to the wonder of his host,
In steel were his features cased.—

Pull up thy visor Sir Knight that I
May behold those features fair,
Which grace with such nobility,
The table of HUGH DE BLAIR.

The knight his visor lifted up,
The noble exclaim'd half wild,
“Is this the brave soldier who went a boy
My brother's only child?”

And sure it was his own dear kin,
Who had conquer'd in the fight;
With riches and honour returned to him
And yclep't “THE GOLDEN KNIGHT.”

The cousins blush'd, their playfellow
In such knightly garb to see;
And would scarce believe their playmate now,
Such a warrior could be.

But a few weeks wore away their dread,
And each tried her kin to charm;
You might in the grove, the warrior see,
With a maiden on each arm.—

He was rapturously fond and knew not why
His heart beat so warmly and fast;
For he ever lov'd distractedly,
The one, he had been with last.

His heart in the morn sought the blue eyed maid,
Who laughingly met his jeer;
But at evening he panted for ADELAIDE,
Who the moonbeams lov'd so dear.—

One morning he met pretty JANE alone
And told her with many a sigh,
That his heart was hers—she had won his love
With her languishing bright blue eye.—

She blush'd like a rose, in its deepest dye
And fell on his neck in tears;
He pressed her hand and that moment felt
The bliss of a hundred years.

But unluckily after the merry dance
In solitude he stray'd ;
And met on the lawn in search of the moon
The majestic ADELAIDE.

She greeted her coz with a tearful eye,
He clasped her hand in his own ;
And swore she was worthy and fit to deck,
The proudest and loftiest throne.

She panted at heart and her proud brow fell,
And sweetly she smiled to prove,
That on her dear coz, her heart was fix'd
In tenderness and in love.

I can't tell why, but Cupid shot
An arrow through each ones breast ;
And though betroth'd to the gentle JANE
ADELAIDE he lov'd best.

They pledg'd their word, their vows were vow'd
And pledge upon pledge was given ;
And they call'd on love to seal their bond ;
Witness'd it was in heaven.

The bridal feast in a month was spread ;

Silent and sad was JANE ;

She look'd like a broken hearted girl ;

Who would never smile again.

And her bright blue eye grew sad and dim ;

Yet she wail'd not, nor did pine,

But said to her sister, that fatal morn,

“Thy husband should be mine,”

“But now he is yours, my sister sweet,

“May he bless thee,—and be blest ;

“Whilst JANE in the grave shall wither and die,

“And her soul shall be at rest.”

The marriage bell has sounded loud,

And arrived is the marriage night ;

And JANE, as bridesmaid, had gone through

The sacred marriage rite.

The bride to her chamber was convey'd,

But waited for her groom ;

None miss'd him, but her,—for each one thought,

He had gone to seek her room.

But the morning came, and a maiden she,
Weeping and wailing cried,
“Is this the way, that a warrior brave,
“Should treat his loving bride.”

No where was SIR ROLAND to be found,
And none could ought explain;
For missing, beside the gallant Knight,
Was the gentle sister JANE.

And horse and steed, were mounted all,
The country round was beat;
But none could ever find the place
Or hear of their retreat.

And scandal, with her flapping wings,
Pounc'd down, and cried in shame—
That a warrior had broken his sacred vow,
And a sister defiled her name.

And ADELAIDE wept so mournfully,
But her sister she did not curse;
Tho' the fondness she had lavish'd on her,
Made sorrow and grief the worse.

Within ten years the place was found,
Where these two false one's sleep,
And horrible two skeletons,
Were drawn from the castle keep.

Down in the earth full many a fathom,
White were their bones and told ;
That one was a delicate female form,
The other the warrior bold.

'Tis thought SIR ROLAND saw poor JANE,
Rush from the banquet hall,
And from the turret wilfully,
Into the ravine fall.

And catching at her garments fell
Into the frightful deep ;
And trying to save the fair ones life
Was buried in the keep.

The virgin wife became a nun,
And in religion sought,
A comfort for her blighted hopes ;
And happiness it brought.

She wail'd not, wept not, but she prayed,
In fervour, and in mind;
Prayers worthy of young ADELAIDE,
The gentle and the kind.

And years, of almost happiness,
Became the virgins lot;
Her hopes were fix'd on Heaven above;
Her fancied wrongs forgot.

But when they told her what they found,
Then did she wail and weep,
That her lov'd lord, and sister dear,
Had perished in the keep.

She cried, in a seraphic voice,
"Thou hast been wrong'd by me,
"I come, I come, in love again,
"To form the happy three."

And soon, a pallid look o'erspread,
Her cheek with death's own hue;
Her eyes uplit with lustre's spark,
And her lips together drew.

And they buried the nun in the convent fane,
And a stone, the story said,
The death of the Knight, the gentle JANE;
And majestic ADELAIDE.

And they tell us, over the maiden's grave,
On the marble slab so white,
Are seen two nymphs and a warrior brave,
In the stilly hour of night.

And long did the friar and nun avoid
That aisle with nervous fright;
And would cautiously speak, in tenderness,
Of the maids, and the Golden Knight.

THE
BANDIT'S CAVE.

THE wood fire from the mantle gave,
A red glare through the robber's cave,
Where slept the chieftain and his crew,
A savage and a desperate few,
Defenceless for the weapon fell
From him who stood as sentinel;
And drowsily he heav'd his breath,
Though by the bandit law 'twas death,
For one that watch'd the sleeping host
To fail or slumber on his post.

Yes, WILFRED should thy slumbers last,
Till one shall wake thee 'twill but be
A look around the cave to cast,
Another in eternity.

'Tis strange that one so young and fair
Of age so tender should be there,
A boy more fit for page at court,
For music and for lady's love ;—

Than 'midst the murd'rous crew to sport,
With this world and the world above.

Yet there was something in the child,
So delicate, and yet so wild—
Something so gentle in his face,
That e'en amidst this ruffian race,
There was not one would e'er annoy,
Or give an insult to that boy.

The robber lov'd him as his own,
And watch'd him with a father's care ;
'Twas strange that he, the child of none,
Should find a father every where.

And friendless 'midst the desperate,
Housed in a robber's den,
Should feel a tye affectionate
Amidst these savage men.

Yet 'twas so, and young WILFRED grew,
The very pet among the crew ;
And in their noisy revelry
Would quaff the cup as merrily,

And laugh and joke and sing the song,
And tell the tale the live night long.
Yet 'twas not this that won the host,
For this they did not love him most ;
But 'twas when they return'd with spoil,
Weary with danger and with toil,
'The rapturous smile that ever met,
The victor and his prey.
Else tears of sorrow and regret,
When wounded in the fray,
The boy watch'd o'er the wounded man,
For he alone of all the clan,
That tear of pity could bestow,
Or sooth the heart oppress'd with woe.

Old CUTHBERT oft in jest has said,
He was more like a tender maid ;
And knew much better how to nurse,
Than rob and drink and sing and curse.

Yes WILFRED slept and slept too long,
The robber chieftain woke,
He look'd upon the guilty young,
In agony he spoke.

“ Oh! had it been the bravest man,
“ The truest comrade of my clan,
“ I had not felt so much as now,
“ Over those girlish dark clos'd eyes,
“ I cannot harm that snow white brow,
“ Yet by the bandit law he dies.

Awake! uprise! men, comrades, all,
Swift was the answer, as the call;
The robbers started to the cry,
As at the voice of destiny.
The chieftain held the culprit's hand,
Trembling and pale, “ stand minion stand
“ Thou hast betrayed thy comrades and thy band.”
Pity me “ cried the tender child,
“ Bending in supplicance at his knee,
“ Through the long day has WILFRED wild,
“ And with a spirit blithe and free.”
The cry of pity rent the air,
Have mercy cried the bandits spare,
Let not young WILFRED bleed.
No by my God the robber saith,

The man that slumbers sleeps in death ;
Ben Casset do the deed.

WILFRED had fallen for the blade
Was raised, and had the stroke been made
All had been o'er. He cried forbear,

Urged to confession by despair,

I am no man, but in disguise

Have follow'd thee, is this the prize

Of woman's love ? " shall guilt efface

" The mem'ry of thy Harriet's face,

" Thy first love, she who lov'd thee best,

" Let the slave strike, here is my breast."

My fondest, dearest girl he cried,

Had you been lost then all had died ;

Then all the world had been a waste,

Harriet, I know thee now.

Oh ! how could one so fair have plac'd

Faith in a robber's vow.

The robber clasp'd her for he knew

That feeling he alone can know,

Who finds his first love warm and true,

In guilt, in misery and in woe.

LORD PERCY.

AND many a month, and many a day,
With the swiftness of time had flown away,
And many a cup with the crimson dye,
Of the sparkling wine had mantled high.
And many a toast, and many a song,
Had cheer'd the hours as they pass'd along;
And many a laugh, and many a glow
Of rapture, had buried regret and woe.
And many a friend, and many a soul,
With the greeting of wit had trim'd the bowl;
Lord PERCY was blest, and more than these,
Were circled around him to charm and please.
The gilded roof for the banquet hour,
The garden bright, and the rosy bower,
The faithful hound for the morning chase,
And the bristling steed for the tilting place.
The spurs of gold, and the chaplet won,
The shouts of applause for prowess done,

The titles of rank, the food of pride,
And courtiers and followers by his side.—
Yet PERCY was sad, and knew not why
'Midst grandeur and bliss, his heart should sigh.
He argued it thus, can a warrior brave,
The pride of his king, wed a Pagan slave?
Can the knight of the cross bend his haughty knee,
To a thing so low as the young HAIDEE?
She is fair and chaste, she is kind and bright,
But she suits not the side of a christian knight,
And the world would laugh in its bitter scorn,
On a thing so low, and so basely born:
Thus pride won more than beauties smile,
And he left her to die on a desert Isle.—
He wedded the heiress of ALBERT SLANE,
And smil'd for a time at the feast again,
For his wife was rich, and far more fair,
Than the one he had left to her own despair,
His friends were kind, and his cup was full,
And his children were young and beautiful;
But he never could rest and often would dwell,
On the Pagan maid he had lov'd so well.

Who made him a home in a foreign land,
And spread his board with a gentle hand,
He had lov'd her well in the hour of need,
But he lov'd her not when his chains were freed.
His fetters she broke and freedom gave ;
She set him free, though she knew to part,
Made the giver of freedom a hapless slave ;
For a ransom of woe—a broken heart.
She fled from her father, and from her home,
She changed her bower for the ocean's foam,
She deserted her creed, and her hopes above,
And worshipp'd the shrine of a stranger's love.
But fickleness grew in the warriors breast ;
He deserted the girl who lov'd him best ;
And sought in the eyes of the titled dame,
To bury the thoughts of his Pagan flame.
Deserted and sad he left her to fade,
On a foreign shore—the Pagan maid ;
With a heart that was wreck'd, and a soul that fled,
From its earthly home, when its hope was dead.
But 'twas even so, and the revel gay,
Could not drive from his heart that grief away,

For a canker worm in his bosom crept,
And haunted his dreams while the noble slept.
And he oft would turn on the couch of down,
And restlessly try that care to drown,
But asleep or awake, it could not cease,
It cankered his bliss; and the bed of peace
To him was a couch of briers and grief,
He rose unrefreshed and reclined in fear,
And his life was become like the autumn leaf,
Chill'd by the east wind, cold and seer.—
Yet the cup went round, and the chase was run,
And the song was sung, and the wreath was won,
His comrades were blythe, his friends were kind,
But all, could not sooth a distempered mind.
His taste for lifes pomp, like a breeze, had flown,
In the midst of the revel, his heart was lone,
He remember'd her he had left to fade,
In a distant land—the Moslem maid;
The girl when o'ercome in the Pagan fight,
Had sooth'd his woe with affections bright.
He wasted away in the midst of power,
And his cheek grew pale in the banquet hour,

And the chase no longer could give him joy,
He watch'd not the freaks of his lovely boy ;
He slept not at night but wept and sighed,
Till the spirit was crushed and his body died.
They laid him low in the darksome grave,
And the noble died for a Pagan slave :
But oft o'er his tomb might the gazer see,
The flittering form of the fair HAIDEE.
With lily hand, and jet black hair,
Crying aloud for the spirit gone ;
Tho' betray'd and lost, still her home was there,
For in life and in death, she lov'd but one.

THE
MAID OF THE HYACINTH BOWER.

THE violets are blue
As the lilies are pale,
And bright is the dew
As it hangs from the flower,
The perfume of roses, is borne on the gale,
And sylphs fan the maid, in her hyacinth bower.

Whilst the nightingale's note
With the linnet and thrush,
In melody float
Through the sunshiny hour;
And buds of the rose tree, half opening blush,
As blushes the maid in her hyacinth bower.

Her eye it is dark,
Yet as clear as a star,
And sends forth a spark
Of magical power;

The planets are lovely, but lovelier by far
Is the eye of that maid, in the hyacinth bower.

Her words are as praises,
By devotees sung,
When the warm spirit raises
Its temple above ;
Her smile is as chaste, as the smile of the young
On the breast of the mother, that mother we love.

Though oft the tears flow
From that angel-lit eye,
Yet never in woe
Falls that beautiful shower ;
Yet sadly and deeply she often will sigh,
For something is wrong, in the hyacinth bower.

She heeds not the gem,
Or the gold on her neck,
For the brightness of them, no longer has power ;
In the midst of these beauties her heart is a wreck,
And sad is the maid in her hyacinth bower.

WOMAN.

Oh ! for a tongue of silvery note,
A mouth of pearls to sing thy love
Sweet woman. I alas ! am mute,
Yet faintly from my breathing lute
Ascends a chord to skies above.

It rideth forth in gentleness
Upon the milk white cloud above,
Oh woman ! thou art life : without thee life
Would be a blank ; in mother, daughter, wife,
We trace our merciful Creator's love.

And oh ! a tongue to wail, that sin
Should e'er have crept upon a thing so fair,
Form'd as the angel minist'ring below,
Joy in our gladness—sorrow in our woe,
Where grief destroys, a comforter is there.—

THE
GATE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

No traveller pass'd either early or late

By Tiverton Bar, but would gaze for awhile
On the sweet little girl who opened the gate,
And was sure to be paid by a beautiful smile.

The rich and the poor man admired with delight,
No Yeoman around but had ardently sought her;
The toast of the village was drank every night,—
'The sweet little Mary, the gate keeper's daughter.'

I then too was young, and was buoyant in soul,
And often would linger myself for awhile,
I thought it was heav'n, whilst paying the toll,
To win from young Mary a beautiful smile.

I went t'other day, still the white bar was there,
I paid down the toll, and rode peevishly on,
I thought that the country look'd desert and bare,
For Mary, the gate keeper's daughter was gone.

I enquired of a peasant who journey'd that way,
Where Mary was flown to; he bow'd his grey head,
He spoke not a word, but I knew he would say
That Mary, the gate keeper's daughter was dead.

And sure 'twas a fact, she lay in the grave,
Far, far, from the lovers, who ardently sought her,
I remembered the smiles she so prettily gave,
And wept, when I thought of the gate keeper's
daughter.

ON THE LOSS
OF THE
ROTHSAY CASTLE STEAM PACKET.

There was no tempest, tho' the wave
Roar'd through the stilly night,
And darkness to the suff'ers gave,
Fresh visions of affright :

Nor were they groundless—woe, ah woe !
The Captain deep had drank,
And run his vessel—awful blow !
Upon the Dutchman's Bank.

What, ho, above ! what, ho ! what, ho !
“ Lights ! we have sprung a-leak ! ”
“ Work back the engine ! ”—broke below !
And all must quickly break.

Each for himself ! no light ! no light !
The waves are bursting high :
God, what an awful fearful sight,
And what a death to die !

“ Mother, oh mother! father dear,
I’m sinking, save me! save!
Wife, child, and husband all are here,
All victims to the wave.

Clust’ring and catching every cord,
Clinging to every plank,
Calling for mercy on the Lord,
Upon the Dutchman’s Bank.

Oh! had you heard that scream arise,
That soul’s fear, bursting thrill,
Searching above the very skies,
And then how awful; still!

And morning wakes upon the sea,
The vessel had not sank;
But of its living freight was free,
Upon the Dutchman’s Bank.

And the merry men of Beaumaris,
Who had calmly slept thro’ the night,
Look’d out and beheld a sight like this,
In agony and affright.

And the fisherman mann'd his little bark,
And the noble mann'd his yacht,
To pick up those who thro' the dark
Some refuge from death had got.

And a few they found on the hulk alive,
Clinging to cord and plank;
Who for life against the waves did strive,
Upon the Dutchman's Bank.

And the fisherman's wife came to the beach,
And wept o'er the lifeless loam
Of babes wash'd on shore, and trac'd in each
A likeness to one at home.

And bonnets and shoes strew'd the shore around,
And the mother and child lay lank;
And the fisherman's wife curs'd that dang'rous
ground,
The hidden Dutchman's Bank.

ON THE WRECK.

But yester-eve, in health and glee,
With eyes of gladness beaming bright,
They mark'd their course all merrily,
And prais'd the beauties of the sea,
But yesternight.

And what has that sad hour brought forth,
To these children of delight?
Death in the midst of joy and mirth,
A sea-cold tomb, or a grave of earth,
Since yesternight.

Yes, smiles and laughs are turn'd to tears,
And gladness to affright,
Hope to despair, courage to fears,
As they lie upon their silent biers,
Since yesternight.

Thus to be cradle'd on a pillow
Of earth—Oh, cruel sight!
Joy seeking on the azure billow,
Have found the cypress and the willow,
Since yesternight.

ON THE UNKNOWN FEMALE CAST AWAY UPON THE
BEACH FROM THE WRECK.

Stranger unknown and friendless, now
In need of charity,
I look upon thy pallid brow,
Lovely in death, and wonder how
Death shew'd such cruelty.

Thy long dark locks hang down a neck
Whiter than ivory,
Form'd mansions of the great to deck,
And now a victim of the wreck,
Buried in charity.

Thine eye is closed in a marble sleep,
That shone so brightly :
I feel a sadness o'er me creep,
And still cold stranger, I must weep
In very charity.

Would that my fears could wake, and bring
A little life in thee,
I, round thy clay-cold corse would fling
My arms thou pallid lovely thing,
In very charity.

But woe, ah woe ! this dream must end,
It must not, cannot be ;
And yet in sorrow I will bend,
And think how strange to find a friend,
In thine inanity.

God grant thee rest, my stranger dove !
Yes, granted it will be ;
'The merciful great King of love
Shall bear thee to his realms above,
Blest to eternity.

THE
DEATH OF THE UNDUTIFUL.

And who is that fair daughter? she who bends
Over yon sick'ning pale and dying youth,
It is his mother! she has been to him
The fountain of his life; and in the hour
When death hath laid a heavy hand on him
Is there, to watch, the last look languish out
In deaths blue vapid colouring: 'tis she
Who hath gone thro' without a murmur, pangs
Unutterably keen. In agony
In weakness, sadness, watchfulness and toil
For this pale dying thing—has borne the scoff
The undutiful, ungrateful, undeserved
Revilings of her son, and yet in death
She watches over him with affecting love,
And seems as tho' the estimate and sum
Of her existence lived and died with him.—

Can fancy, in her vivid colouring, paint
A thing more lovely, patient, or more kind
Than this fond mother?

Does it not seem to tell, that earth hath flowers
Of Heaven's own planting? Go to thy mother,
Be mild and true to her!—If she be dead:
I pity thee!—

THE
ISLAND OF SPIRITS.

There is an Island in the deep
Far, far away, from the haunts of men,
And the spirits of air their vigils keep,
Laughing whilst nature is hush'd in sleep,
Till the sunny beams shall shine again.

No darkness is there, for a spiritual light
Blazes in pomp o'er the cups of gold,
And the spirits are feasting all the night,
And jest with the stars who are not so bright,
Or so gentle and fair by a hundred fold.

And thither came from the east and west,
The guardians of many a lovely soul,
To talk of the things that they love best ;
Or on couches of flowers to take their rest,
Or nectar sip from the diamond bowl.

Whilst the chrystal waters are flowing by,
The silvery fish are sporting near,
And tinging the wave with many a dye,
Like the thousand tints of a humid sky,
When the bow is bent from sphere to sphere.—

As the song of the love from many a tree,
Is borne on the gentle zephyrs swell,
More sweet by far than the earthly glee,
Whilst spirits listen in extasy,
To the song of the plaintive philomel.—

FIRST LOVE.

Oh! give me the heart that has never lov'd,

Oh! give me the maiden vow—

Let me cull the flower that has ne'er been pluck'd,

And has never bloom'd till now.—

Let me watch the birth of the first fond love,

Let the first fond love be mine,

The blossom e'er it becomes a flower

In a wreath of bliss to twine.—

For the heart that has lov'd, ne'er loves again,

A second is not told,

Our first love is the love of heaven.

All others, earthly cold!

Our first love is the living breath,

When heart and soul are one,

Our second but a statue carv'd

To tell us what is gone.—

Our first love is no choice of ours,
'Tis nature calls it forth,
Our second is of worldly mould,
And that is nothing worth.—

SOLITUDE.

‘ Alone’ didst say—‘ when left alone’ ?

That never can be mine !

Tho’ lost to other images

I always shall have thine.—

And in the drearest solitude,

Shall memory paint thee fair ;

How can I ever be alone,

With thy bright image there !

Thou art the angel of my night ;

Thou deckest the day—God’s throne ;

Yes, thou art always in my sight ;—

I never am alone.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

He trimmed his little bark of hope,
And launched it on the sea ;
And merrily, before the gale,
He steered in extacy.

But soon the storm arose, and high
The waters rolled and tossed ;
And lo ! his little bark of hope
Was in the surges lost.—

Then freight no more that little bark,
Thou hast so fondly cherished ;
For none are half so sad as those,
Whose early hopes have perished.

DOST ASK ME WHY I LOVE?

Dost ask me why I love thee,—

And, sighing, bid me tell

The reason of my fondness?

Yourself must know it well.

It is not for that cheek,

Which excels the rose in dye ;

It is not for the playfulness,

Which beams in that blue eye :—

It is not for that pretty curl,

Which, tendril-like, is twining ;

It is not for those pearly teeth

Within thy red lips shining :—

It is not for thy bonny form,

Or Venus-like attire ;

It is not for mere passion's sake

Encouraged by desire :—

Then come, unto my bosom creep,

The reason I will tell :—

‘There's none that love me half so much,’

And that you know full well.

ISABEL.

Oh yes!—she was bright
As the verdure of spring,—
With a heart that was light
As the butterfly's wing.

The pride of earth's daughters—
The child of earth's bloom—
As a beautiful statue
When placed o'er a tomb.

A fiction of fancy
To shew what has fled ;
Unalloyed by corruption—
The soul of the dead.

Joy danced at her birth,—
But I tremble to tell,
The end of the lovely—
The sweet Isabel.

RETROSPECTION.

How strange it now appears,
To look on days gone by ;
And find joy turned to tears,
And the laugh changed to the sigh :—

Death,—where fond words were spoken,—
And love brought to an end ;—
Our early friendships broken,
And—ourselves—without a friend.

AGE.

They tell us that life, in its fall,
Is filled with remorse and regret ;
But I think it is happiest of all,
When the sun of our fortune is set.

For then—look we back on the stream,
And laugh at our troubles all o'er,
And fancy it was but a dream
That can chafe and disturb us no more.

But to look in perspective, and see
Our troubles so slowly move on,—
I could wish age had centred on me,
And the days of youth's morning were gone.

Like a flower that is broke by the wind
Are my hope's brightest glimmerings thrown ;
I wander in heart and in mind
Alone !—yes, for ever ;—alone.

FAREWELL.

Farewell to all that's beautiful,—
Farewell to all that's dear,—
Death's hand hath taken hold of me,—
I cannot sojourn here.

Adieu ! adieu ; my pretty one—
My loving eyes of blue ;
I am going to another world,—
Adieu ! my love—adieu !

Sad is the parting,—sad the hour ;
But firmly will I bear it ;
I'll leave thee but a single lock—
Wilt in thy bosom wear it ?

And in the hour of gaiety,
Amidst the festive scene,
Wilt kiss it for the memory
Of where it once has been ?

I'll ask thee not to weep for me

Or heave a sigh, my dear ;

But let thy heart, in happiness,

Be spared the burning tear.

And yet, I would not for the world,

That thou shouldst quite forget,

The man who loved thee,—dear as life,—

From the moment we first met.

ALICE LEA.

There was no sprite of air or sea
So chaste, so bright, as Alice Lea;
And no butterfly lit on the violet bell
So gentle, so thoughtless, yet so fair;
Her angel brow with smiles would tell
That anger and hate were strangers there —

Her clear blue eye
Was a smiling star;
Her red lips' dye
Beamed ruddier, far,
Than the coral weed
In the dark sea's chamber;
Where the dolphins feed
In their caves of amber;—

And love, and joy, and bliss, and all
The beautiful pictures of fancy, seemed
At her morning couch, and at daylight's fall,
Sporting on earth, as her blue eye gleamed.

But past is the hour,
And faded the flower,—
The spirit of life has ceased to be!

Her rosy couch, and necklace of gold,
Are changed for others more damp and cold;
The dismal grave, and the worm, we are told,
Form the necklace and couch of Alice Lea.

TO A LADY

ON HEARING HER PLAY A PLAINTIVE AIR.

Touch not that chord ! 'tis much too sweet !

Too exquisitely fine !

I dare not trust its silvery breath

On heart-strings sad as mine !

But rather, with some wilder lay,

Or with some livelier strain,

Chase from my memory thoughts,—alas !

Which must not live again.

The tear is on my pallid cheek,

Oh play a merrier part !

To bring a smile upon my brow,

Tho' the worm is at my heart.

I feel,—I feel my bosom burn,—

Oh mockery to my pain !

It makes my spirits overflow,

To be depressed again.

'Then touch that chord, altho' 'tis sweet,
And exquisitely fine ;
And let me dream, whilst listening,
That hope and joy are mine.

SUNSET.

In full majestic splendour hied the sun,
To his soft couch,—where western currents
swell :—

His mighty course for one fair day was done ;
The beams of grandeur shone their last farewell.

O'er mountain-tops a tint of crimson dye
Remained, to tell mankind where he had
shone ;

And decked the far horizon of the sky,
But,—he who gave the fire-cloud *life*,—was
gone.

A chilly sadness hung o'er nature's face,—
A death-like calm welcomed the soft star's
light ;

A dew of evening gave the rose a grace,—
The modest moon shone forth as queen of night.

How soothing, and how lovely, in that hour,
To wander amidst dells in my loved vale ;
To catch the odours of the night's own flower,
And whisper to my Helen love's soft tale.

THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD.

I watched a mother,—as she pressed
In rapture her fair child,—
And, as the infant sought the breast,
Of her who doatingly caressed,
How prettily it smiled !
Methought,—of all the glorious bliss
That heaven will blend above,—
There is no joy more pure than this,—
The infant's smile—the mother's kiss,—
'Tis nature's gentlest love.

Say that on earth exists no trace
Of Heaven's own feature fair ?
Oh ! look upon the infant's face !
And on the infant's resting place !
And you will find it there.

Oh fondling mother, sweet and mild,
None fairer can I see ;
May that young form, which sweetly smiled,
Thy brightest hope, thy lovely child,
A blessing prove to thee.

TO _____

Now ?—thou art another's—adieu !

I will try to compose my sad brain ;
Though I know that in parting with you,
I can never be happy again.

The hope—that I cherished—is flown ;
The joy—that I nourished—is vain ;
I, now, cannot call thee my own,
And shall never be happy again.

The fondness I lavished on thee,
Is repaid by an ocean of pain ;
I feel that my heart is set free,—
But,—can never be happy again.

May every bliss be your lot ;
May happiness over you reign ;
While the lover so soon you forgot,—
Can never be happy again.

Remember the look you once gave !
Which no tongue, and no pen, can explain :—
My resting place is the cold grave,
For I ne'er shall be happy again.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SEA SHORE.

How beautiful!—to watch, beside

The mighty ocean's roar ;

And listen to the ebbing tide,

As, proudly, wave on wave will glide,

In splendour from the shore !

How beautiful!—to watch the foam,—

The spray,—that gleams above !

Or let the eye o'er billows roam,

And see the vessel—bearing home

The wanderer to his love.

For few, they are, who have not one

Whose heart beats not alone ;

And few, whose hopes are blighted—gone

So far ; so wretched, to have none

Whom they can call their own.

A WIDOW.

I saw her! and she was *not* young!

And sorrow's garb she wore;

For, by her widow's weeds, I knew

Her husband was no more.

Thought I,—a lonelier,—sadder thing,—

On earth we shall find none,

Than her, who, in the vale of years,

Shall thus be left alone.

THE MOTHERLESS BOY.

Then dost thou weep for days gone by,
For brighter moments fled ?

Oh yes ! I weep, and weeping, sigh,
But—it is for the dead.

Why weepest thou, for mouldering clay ?
Can the dead hear thy moan ?

Oh no ! but yet I sigh all day
That I am left alone.

Whom hast thou lost, my pretty lad ?
For whom dost shed that tear ?

My mother, Sir,—and I am sad
For I did love her dear.

Then dry thy tears, and learn the joy
To duteous children given ;
If thou *didst* love thy mother, boy,—
Thy souls shall meet in heaven.

When the grave's dark and dismal bed
Shall take thee from all pain,—
And ye who loved in life—when dead—
To joy—shall 'wake again.

THE
DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

The monarch of a world
Was on the bed of death;
His wise men were around him,
And watched his parting breath.

His bosom heaved but slowly;
And sighs but faintly gave;
The man of wisdom tried,—
But wisdom could not save.

'Twas Philip's warlike son;
"The god of battles" called him;
His day of pride was o'er,
And, the fear of death appalled him.

He, to whom nations bowed,
And quivered at his nod;
He, who man deified,
Now trembled at his God.

“Where are the flattering lips,
That fed thee in thy pride?
They speak not to thee now,
Though they are by thy side.”

“Who said that thou shouldst live,
Tho’ other men might die?—
Now writhing is thy form,—
And glazed is thine eye.”

“This was the man of power!
This was the soul of fire!
Shall such a spirit wane?
Shall such a light expire?”

“Look, comrades, on him, look!
Ere soul and body sever;
The mighty eye is dim,
And shall be closed for ever.”

“How frail a thing is man!
Such vanity to cherish;
To day he is a king;—
To-morrow,—he must perish.”

THE

CHRISTIAN AND THE MAHOMETAN.

“Yield ! christian, yield ! to our prophet’s power ;
 Forgiveness and mercy await thee ;
The virgins of Heaven, and the beautiful bower,
 Hereafter shall elate thee.”

“Yield ! christian, yield ! to our prophet’s word,
 And then bid adieu to the hour of grief ;—
But swift is the arm,—and sharp the sword
 When it drinketh the blood of unbelief.”

Thus cried an Arab, as he knelt
 Over a wounded christian knight,—
Whose day of life was well nigh spent,—
 For the Moslem sword had gained the fight.

“Avaunt! thou slave! the unbeliever
 Would spurn the grave of thy prophet,—who
 Was a man of lies,—and a base deceiver,—
 Mine is the faith of the brave and true.”

“Thy Paradise is a dream of lust
 Which delights the children of the dust;
 But ours is a never fading shrine,
 A taste of purity divine,
 Untainted by desire,—
 As much to be preferred to thine
 As bliss to eternal fire.

“Strike! infidel,—and take away
 My life blood from this mould of clay;—
 I do not curse thee—may the blest
 Eternal spirit rule thy breast!
 Adieu!—when thou resign’st thy breath
 May’st thou be calm as I in death.”

The infidel saw the knight expire,
 And dim grew the warrior’s eye of fire;
 Such constancy he himself had given,
 Had his soul been required by the will of heaven.

But the blessing he learnt not to bestow
On the conquering head of his ruthless foe ;
“ That blessing,” he cried, is the christian’s spell !
Oh may it save me from that hell
Which delights the children of the dust
That sensual Heaven,---that Heaven of lust.’

THE
UNIVERSAL WATCHFULNESS OF
PROVIDENCE.

Upon the cliffs bold headland stand,
And gaze upon the flood;
A sight so terrible,—so grand,—
’Twill curdle thy heart’s blood.

Look on the waters, wide and deep;
Hastening to foreign seas;
Behold the waves of ocean, sweep,
And tell me!—whence are these?

Oh! wander forth, in starry night,
And watch the spangled sky;
Why does the moon send forth her light?
Oh mortal;—tell me,—why!

Look at the sun, whose radiant sheen,

All nature's space can fill !

Look on the wood, and forest green,

When all is calm and still !

Gaze on the city,—on the crowd,—

The temple and the tower ;

Gaze on the poor man,—and the proud,—

Meek poverty,—and power !

Hie to the camp,—the tented ground,—

To the blood-red field of death ;

And list, there, to the trumpet's sound,

Or the warrior's dying breath !

Behold his rage,—his keen despair,—

His charger's reeking foam ;

Then, wander from the battle, where

His wife adorns his home !

Behold her in the woodbine bower,

Fair, beautiful, and meek ;

Counting, in woe, each passing hour,

With the tear-drop on her cheek !

One—girt with madness, fierceness, woes,

Which wintry storms will fling;—

The other—gentle as the rose

At the first blush of the spring.

Look on the babe, that calmly sleeps,

The mother loves so well;

What power is that which ever keeps

Watch o'er it; canst thou tell?

The power that rules the wandering wave,

That fills the stars with light;

The power that, from his gentle home,

Leads the warrior to the fight.

The power that led him from his wife,

Where love and kindness smiled;

That power, which takes the father's life,

Keeps watch upon his child.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL,

A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

Young friend of my bosom ! in bidding adieu,—

When a farewell I tried to explain,—

How little I thought that in parting with you,

As I swept from my cheek, the tear friendship drew,

I never should meet thee again.

But Heaven, in its mercy, hath borne thee away,

From vanity's region, to light :—

I'll not mourn thee, but rather, rejoice that thy day

On earth so resembled a midsummer's ray,—

Though transient,—yet spotless,—and bright.

And if, on my cheek, I can feel the warm tear

Trickle down,—I'll not shed it in pain :—

Tho' parting from one whom the bosom holds dear,

Rends the heart,—not far distant a day shall appear

When our friendship will flourish again.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

The spirit of beauty, the floweret of love,
Is withered,—is blighted,—is flown :
From this cold earth below, to the garden above,
To rejoice in a clime of its own.

There the spirit may dwell amidst dreams of delight,
All gentle, all happy, all pure ;
And beauty, once rested, shall ever be bright,—
And, in loveliness, ever endure.

I'll not weep for, nor wail, my fair innocent dove,
Tho' *earth* cannot call thee her own ;
Since thy spirit is fled to those regions *above*,
Where sorrow and guilt are unknown ;—

But trust, that,—as life from my bosom shall part,
And death, and the grave shall be mine,—
Around my death-bed, hope's gleam to impart,
May hover a spirit like thine.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Belshazzar held a festival ;
The lamps of silver shone ;
The wine-cup sparkled through the hall,
At that feast of Babylon.
The noble, and the concubine,
In beauty's pride and power,
Beheld the monarch quaff his wine,
Till midnight's starry hour.
The torches gleam'd thro' the marble pile,
And music hung on the quivering wire.
Belshazzar feasted on the smile
Of woman till his soul was fire :

His white hand waves,
He calls his slaves,
Who tremble at his nod ;
And bids them bring,
That holy thing,
The cup of Israel's God.

And shall that cup be pledged to clay ?
And shall that cup be pledged by them,
Who bore the holy vase away,
From thy temple,—lost Jerusalem ?
The toast, amidst a shout is given,
It echoed through the hall ;—
When lo !—the mighty hand of Heaven,—
Appear'd upon the wall.—
Belshazzar ! turn ye pale !—and cry,
With a voice so meek and fearfully !
Drop ye the cup ! and spill the wine,
It was not formed for lips like thine.—

THE CRUCIFIXION.

The sun was sickly pale, and set,

In grief o'er hill and flood:—

The holy cross was standing yet,

Stained with a Saviour's blood.

Then man, and woman, sunk in woe:

Hearts,—breaking with despair,—

Beheld the life-blood ebb and flow,

Of blessed Jesus there.

And wail, and moan, and sob, and sigh,

Was heav'd from woman's breast;

They knew not that their Lord must die,

That others should be blest.

The corpse was chill, and clammy cold,

Blood-stained the pallid brow:

The trickling death-drop reckless rolled,

From *lifeless* matter now.

The scoffing Jew, that passed him by,
Mocked at the clay-cold sod,
And laughed, to think a thing so meek,
Should be the Son of God.

Ah! little thought they, then, that he
On whom they curses hurled,
Should rise, ere morning's light appeared
The Saviour of the world.

And, those limbs upon the cross,
Bound by the bruising cord,
Had been the habitation for
The spirit of the Lord.

ISRAEL.

Daughter of Zion ! where art thou ?

I look for thy Temple,—and find it not,
The wild wolf prowls,—and the Roman plough
Has passed, in its scorn, o'er the holy spot.

Daughter of Zion ! dost thou sleep,—

And dream of the glories that once were thine ?
In stranger-lands thy children weep,
And no stone remains of thy holy shrine.

Thy foes an equal fall have felt,

And yielded their pride to the self-same rod ;
The Assyrian mourns,—but he never knelt,
Like thee, at the throne of the living God.

LINES WRITTEN TO A FRIEND.

Though fortune, with a beauteous smile,
Gives all that earth can send;
Though free from trouble, care, and toil,
Yet, if we have no friend;—
No friend, whose eye shall glisten bright,
When ours is filled with joy,
No friend, who, in the sorrowing night,
Of our distress shall sigh;—
Then, life is but an empty dream,
A shrine, at which we vainly kneel;—
For, when we see the bright sun's beam,
And all its balmy freshness feel,
Casting its blessing from above,—
Why do we glory in its powers?
Because it shines on those we love,
And lights their hearts, as well as ours.

CONTEMPLATION.

There's not a curl upon the sea,
A ripple on the wave,
But all is still, and quiet, as
The precincts of the grave.

Oh! what an hour is this for thought,
It wears a hallowed charm;
The heart forgets its throb of pain
In such a lovely calm.

And yet, I've known, beneath a brow
Serene as this fair sea,
A brain distracted, and athwart
With grief and misery.

And though the eye begot a smile,
The cheek could bloom impart,
They only lit the sepulchre
That hid a broken heart.

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

There is a joy in grief,—a pleasure in distress
Which the heart knows how to feel, but which no
language can express.

It rises in the bosom when the soul is sad and bleak ;
It cools the burning tear-drop, and dries it on the
cheek.

Oh ! who has known that feeling,—that recoiling of
the heart,—

From grief,—that sore oppresseth it,—to joy's con-
vulsive start ?

Oh ! who can tell the pleasure,—who can claim it
for his own,—

The pleasure of distress, when the heart is sad and
lone ?

Myself I know it well, nor would change for other
bliss ;

For no feeling in the world is so exquisite as this ;
It raises one from earth to visions far above,
And fills the worldly mind with beatitude and love.

THE WANTON.

Who is that!—the gay wanton!—who jokingly leers
At each youth, as she passes him by?
Her figure is lovely, she loving appears,
Her brow is all smiles, and, a stranger to tears,
She seems grief and woe to defy.

But woe is her portion, and misery her lot!
As such it not always has been:—
I remember full well, the sweet little cot
Where she dwelt with her mother, ere virtue forgot,
Of beauty, and kindness, the queen.

But woe is her portion, and she, the fond heart
Too trusting,—too thoughtless,—too fair—
Was lured from her mother, to feel the sad smart
Which virtue, degraded, alone can impart,
When smiles only cover despair.

And woe is her portion,—the bitterest of woe

By which a sad heart can be reft,—

And yet, I'd not scorn her, nor taunt her, oh no !—

In the midst of her guilt, some feelings, I know,
Of woman, and kindness, are left.

Oh ! pity the lost one, to happiness dead ;

Oh ! sigh in her guilt, for her pain ;

And every tear, for her failings, thus shed,

Shall never degrade but shall raise thee, instead,
And Heaven shall repay thee again.

THE
YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

Sighs have heaved in the breast, and tears have been
shed,
O'er the lovely, the young, and the beautiful dead ;
And the mind has been wrapt in its garments of woe,
As the warrior, in silence, has lain by his foe ;—
The worm, with its brood, to the coffin has crept,
Where the lord of a people,—a monarch, has slept :—
The breezes of ocean have played with the wave,
And howled the last dirge o'er the mariner's grave :—
The maid, in her beauty, the youth, in his prime,
Have died in their spring, ere they withered by time,
Like the roses of summer :—Oh ! could I not tread,
On the grave of the young and the beautiful dead ?
And seeing how frail is mortality's breath,—
Cry !—why should I fear thee, omnipotent death !

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

When round the splendid world I gaze
At luxury's career,
My heart beats sadly in its cell,—
My eye begets a tear.

Knowing that all the young, and gay,
And fair things that we see,
Will shortly, surely, wither up,
And dust and ashes be.—

And yet, to look on that soft cheek,
And watch yon laughing eye;
One scarcely can believe it true
That such loveliness must die.

But 'tis so—and yon beauty,—
Young fortune's noblest germ,—
Must be the food and plaything of
The cold and slimy worm.

It is not in the flesh,
Or the beauteous form, or face,
That the image of his maker
In mortal man we trace;—

For, the flesh is food for reptiles,
And beauty must decay,
And the loveliest eye of gentleness,
In gloom must fade away.

But, it is something greater,
A path in virtue trod,—
That makes the mortal creature,
The image of his God.

A HYMN.

Oh Lord of all mercy, all power, and all might,
Oh shelter thy servant I pray,
From the danger that walks in the hour of the night,
And the arrow that flieth by day !

From the tempter, that lures with a beautiful smile,
From the voice of the wanton, whose mien
Is lovely, and fair,—but, within, all the while,
Lurks a spirit, debased and unclean.

Keep a watch on my tongue, that my words, as they
flow,
May be modest, and virtuous, and true ;
And open my heart, that, in anguish and woe,
I may hasten, each kind act to do.

A HYMN OF SUPPLICATION.

Awake ! my soul,—to sing the praise,

Of the great Lord above,—

The mighty, the omnipotent,

The glorious king of love,—

Who was, and is, and is to be,

Whom eye hath never seen,

Who dwelleth in the trackless deep,

And in the forest green ;

Who rideth on the thunder,

Rules the ocean with his rod ;

Who first created man

In the image of his God.

Lord of all mercy hear me !

A sinner weak and lone

And listen to my faint attempt

Of worship at thy throne.

May every wish and thought become,
Accordant with thy will,
And mayst thou keep thy servant,
From every passing ill ;—

From death, that stalks at night,
From sin, that haunts the day,
From sickness, and from fear,
From sadness and dismay.

Lord of all mercies hear me !

A sinner weak and lone ;
And answer this,—my faint attempt,—
Of worship at thy throne.

A BALLAD.

Ah! did I say "I ne'er could love"?—

My heart deceived my brain ;

For warmly does my bosom burn,

And fond am I again.

Then strike a new and tender chord,

And play that plaintive strain ;

For he,—the broken-hearted bard,—

Has found his love again.

Where was she, whilst his sad eye wept?—

And he was racked with pain?—

Culling fresh flowers from beauty's stem,

To make him love again.

And sure she comes, an angel sprite,

Long with him to remain ;

'Twould cruel be to break a heart,

Just 'woke to love again.

DEATH.

Something there whispers in my breast,—
Though life, and mortal man is vain,—
That he who dies, and takes his rest
Beneath the earth,—shall live again.

Oh! call it rest, oh! call it peace,
Or call it what you will;
Though good men wish their lives to cease,—
At Death,—they shudder still.

Why do they tremble? canst thou tell
That this frail form shall perish?
Oh! 'tis a long and sad farewell
To all they love and cherish.

When mortal, in his earth's career,
A journey takes, he cannot see
His parting friend, without a tear;—
So weep we at eternity,

Then wouldst thou wish, and dost thou think,
That Death is *sleep*,—a *lasting* sleep?—
That we who watch the grave's cold brink
Shall soon be wept for, as we weep?—

And dost thou wish, and dost thou try
To hush the ever living breath,
That warns thee of eternity,
And, in thy bosom whispers,—Death?

And shalt thou, in cold apathy,
For ever rest, and rot?
Oh! list unto the living cry,
Within thee! speaks it not?

Then,—warning voice, within me, tell,—
What is there that I fear?
Is it to bid the world farewell
And all within it dear?

Why does my spirit cling to light,
And life, and love, and mine?
Is it that nature fears the night
Where stars, nor planets shine?

Oh no!—'tis not the crumbling clay,
My soul within me fears to brave;
But it is something far away,
My spirit se'es beyond the grave.

For something whispers in my breast,—
Though life and mortal man is vain,—
That all, who die, and take their rest
Beneath the earth,—shall live again.

CONTEMPLATIONS BY MOONLIGHT,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Oh Luna! in thy thousand years
Of beauty,—smiling o'er us yet;—
Thou witnesser to midnight tears,
Of penitence, and stern regret;—
How many, and, how fair have been,
Features, and forms, that thou hast seen,—
Smiling, at early morn, in glee,
As bubbles on a crystal sea,
Thinking that life was levity?
Yes!—thou hast seen, in valour's pride,
The warrior, to grim battle ride,—
His red scarf floating in the wind;—
With bright plate glistening on his breast;
His shield of glory flung behind,—
The lance of cedar in its rest;
Dark horse-hair, from his crested plume,
Waving,—as trophies,—o'er the tomb.
Bowling in courtly pride as though

The ranks of liegemen brave and true ;
His charger bears the chief along,
Swift as an arrow, from the thong
Of a wild Scythian's bow :—
Then,—gladsome, as the panther's young,—
But,—in the eve,—how low !
A carcase ! shunned with fear by them
Who bowed before his diadem !
And he, the youth for ladies' smiles,—
Beauteous as he was brave,—
Is now a corse, whose touch defiles
The varlet and the slave.
Did I not say the moon looked pale ?
And well she might, if warm blood, spilt,
Can make the lights above bewail
Man's maddening cruelty and guilt !
For 'tis a dread, heart-chilling sight,
By moonbeam, in the silent night,
To gaze upon the havoc, thrown,
Amongst the lists of living men ;
And listen to the dying groan,
Of those who ne'er shall rise again.—

And hear the grim hyena's tread,
O'er heaps of dying or of dead;
Where, perhaps, some warrior, wounded, lies
Panting for succour e're he dies;
But sees those flaming balls of fire,
That warn him of the ravenous beast—
'Twere worth a world,—then, to expire,—
Rather than serve for such a feast.

MARIA.

Is there a language in earth's sphere,
More chaste, more lovely, or more dear ;
Partaking of that gentle voice,
Eve spoke, when queen of Paradise ;
I then would call it,—but my cry
Would vibrate back,—the lover's sigh ;
The breath of evening, and the swell
Of heaven's own bird,—the nightingale ;
The soft notes of the village bell,
Floating by moonlight,—the caress
Of hope, matured by happiness ;—
All these would fail, and fruitless prove ;—
Light stars, compared with her, grow fainter !
She is the very child of love,—
And melody's own thoughts must paint her.

ARMEDA.

High on the rosy banks of Nile,
From whose fair stream, all verdure springs;
Whose waves imbibe each sunbeam's smile,
Laving the frowning pyramid,---
Proud towering tomb of mighty kings,---
Where Egypt's royal dust is hid;---
There Pharaoh's daughter, by the side,
Lay, on her couch of flowers;
And mournfully she watched the tide
That kissed her cypress bowers.
Tinging each wave, the summer's sky
Was gladdened, that the earth had brought her
So fair a glass to plume her by,---
The mirror of the shining water;---
Reflecting, ever and anon,
Her luminaries, pure and bright;
While, as the river's flood rolled on,

It glistened, with the stars of night.
An hour, it seemed, in eastern clime,
So calm,—the fleeting spirit,—time,—
With troubled steps no longer trod ;
But chose that moment, hushed, and fair,
To breathe forth incense to his God,
And pay to heaven his evening prayer.
Yes, 'twas so charming, man might say,
From heaven's own lamp, a gentle ray
Shone upon earth, from Eden's height ;
Where dwell the spirits of the light ;
Who, thinking of earthly things, which are gone,
Open the portals to gaze thereon.
“ Flow on, flow on,”—the maiden cried,—
“ Along thy verdant banks of green,
“ And hear the wailings of a bride,
“ Who has no husband seen.
“ To-morrow,—and the voice of power,
“ Shall tear Armeda from her bower ;
“ Far, far away from thy clear wave,
“ And from the shady palm tree's leaf ;
“ To be the *queen*,—and yet, the *slave*,

“ Of Ethiopia’s savage chief.

“ I leave thee, then, thou sparkling gem,—

“ My pretty violet,—

“ And change thee for a diadem :—

“ I never shall forget,

“ The wreath my kinsman, Zabia, wove

“ E’re to the Persian war he went,

“ And gave it, as a pledge of love,—

“ A symbol of his banishment.

“ ‘ For, every lovely flower,’ he said

“ ‘ Was riven from its verdant bed.

“ ‘ Though they upon thy temples fade,

“ ‘ And the green leaf shall wither ;

“ ‘ Remember,—so long as a fibre is there,

“ ‘ And rests in thy curling ebon hair,—

“ ‘ Thy lover,—who brought them hither.’

“ But,—e’re the violet has changed its hue,

“ And its leaf has lost its radiant blue,

“ I am torn away to a distant land,

“ To give to another my Zabia’s hand.

“ But, to him I am pledged, and, alive, or dead,

“ No other shall be my lord instead.

“ And I vow,—by the glory of earth and sea,—
“ My Zabia !—all shall belong to thee.
“ And witness !—ye stars o’er yonder flood,
“ His bride I am to the verge of life ;
“ If the Persian sword shall taste his blood,
“ Thy shining waters shall fold his wife.
“ I come to thee, Zabia ! for, to night,
“ Armeda takes her rapid flight ;
“ And tempts the desert, and the plain,
“ To gaze upon thy form again ;
“ For, something of a holy thrill,
“ Excites my breast, and bids me try,
“ From the proud Ethiopian’s will,
“ To thee,—my own dear lord to fly.”

LOVE.

Young Cupid by a river's side
One summer's eve lay down to sleep ;
He cast his quiver by his side,
And,—lulled in slumbers calm and deep,—
Was watched by death,—who gazed awhile
From behind a weeping willow ;
The sun's last ray had left a smile
Upon the ambient billow.
The tears of earth, in drops of dew
Had made his pinions wet ;
He clasped a rose, which near him grew,—
And though asleep,—as yet,—
His lily hand compressed the flower,
Unconscious of a thorn ;
And, 'waking—when he felt its power,—
Young Love begun to mourn.
Then,—starting from the violet bed,

He shook the dew-drops from his wing,
And weeping, whilst his finger bled,
Death hastened to the Infant King;
And, with a throb of pity, drest
Young Cupid's wounded finger;
Giving the son of Venus rest,—
Yet,—wishing not to linger;
He bid the heavenly child adieu,
And plunged across the rivers tide;
But, since that time, a friendship grew
And Death is oft by Cupid's side.

PITY FOR ANOTHER'S GUILT.



Of all that's lovely to the view ;
Of all that's modest, chaste, and true ;
Of all the gems on nature's scene ;
Of all the smiles of nature's queen ;
Of every sweet, in tree or flower ;
Of all that's bright in sunny bower ;
Of maiden's blush, or tender sigh ;
Of timid glance, of dark blue eye ;
Of swelling vein ; of forehead fair ;
Of curling locks, or braided hair ;
Of white sails glittering on the stream ;
Of evening's calm, or morning's gleam ;
There's nought so lovely as the tear,—
Though half suppressed,—which lingers near
The maiden's eye,—though coyly spilt,—
In pity, for another's guilt.

FALSE FRIENDS.

That man shall ill deserve a curse,
Who, in thy power, shall brave thee ;
But, in the day of sad reverse,
Shall stretch his hand to save thee.

But he who comes with fawning lips
Whilst fortune's cup is full, and sips ;
Yet, when the dregs, alone, remain,
Leave's thee in misery and in pain ;—

Him would I curse !—yet cursing those
Who have no care for others woes,
How large a list would be unfurled ?—
If you curse all, you curse the world.

THE DEFEAT.

It was the tenth hour,
And the battle was done;
The foe had the power,
And the standard was won.

All weary I lay,
On the cold slippery field;
And lamented the day,
When our brave one's must yield.

Whilst the shout of the victor,
Passed over my head;
It was then that I envied,
The numberless dead.

Then I cursed in my bosom,
That moment of life,
When I knew that the foemen
Had won in the strife.

THE SPY.

The savage Greek has slept his sleep ;
He rises from his mid-day dream ;
In the evening shade he seeks the deep,
And plies his caote on the stream.
The moon, as 'twere in wanton play,—
To vex this sleeper of the day,
Casts forth upon his sabre, bright,
A burst of clear and silver light,
Filling the Greek with sore affright,
Lest the unconscious moonbeam's ray,
Should thus avenge him, and betray
His blade to Turk, beside the wall :—
His fears were right ;—he heard him call ;
And,—e're the answer could be told,—
The midnight spy was dead and cold.

THE ROMAN.

The Roman gazed upon the sun !
All power was his,—a world was won !
Elate,—he watched the monarch glide,
To ocean's dark blue bed ;
He vaunted to the western tide,
And, in the moment of his pride,
Thus to the waters said :—
Mighty, and vast, and lovely sea,
Italia governs all but thee !
Thou, still, art fetterless and free !
The Roman's chain
Binds hill and plain,
And nations supplicate in fear ;
Thy torrents roar,
Along the shore,
Regardless that his power is near.

The Roman perished on the beach !
His bones were left for time to bleach !
The Goth, had from the mountain rushed,
The Roman in his power, was crushed ;—
And, now, those very self-same waves,
Dash tear-drops on a land of slaves.
The haughty Roman's dust is cast,
To the wild mercy of the blast,
Debas'd,—behold his children cry,
In bondage, and in slavery.
Yes! bondage seems, in darkest gloom,
To hang upon the Roman's tomb.

EGYPT.

Thou dark, dread, mouldering leaf of fate !

Shall I unfold thee ?

Where ?

In that page,—sad and desolate !

Have I not told thee ?

There !

Look to it !—gaze upon that page !

The dismal one :—

The mysteries of a magic age,

Long past, and gone :—

The lute

Is mute ;

Its silvery notes no longer

Float on the gale,

And tell the tale,

When Egypt's land was younger.

The olive, and the date tree smile,
As they were wont in former time ;
And, the luxurious, sacred Nile,
Brings verdure from a foreign clime.
The wild bee o'er the fields of Said,
Culls, from the perfumed orange flower,
Its honied sweetness ; whilst the shade,
Of night, hangs over Egypt's power.
Weeds, in her vineyards smother vines,
Whilst thorn and thistle flourish ;
The same bright sun, in beauty, shines ;
But, wilder plants to nourish ;
Her kings lie, hushed, in spicy beds,
In the vast obelisk ;
While still around their crownless heads,
Blooms the fair tamarisk
Their deeds,—their very names are hid,—
From living men ;
But, in the lofty pyramid,
Their glories live again.

WHO LOVES ME ?

I love the earth, I love the sun,
For all the good things they have done.
For one hath brought forth children, bright,
The other cherish'd with his light,
I love the stars, I love the moon,
The evening, morning, night, and noon ;—
For what ?—because affection burns,—
And they all serve me in their turns.
But who loves me ?—first, take the earth ;
That calls me to my second birth,
And, silently, requires,
The many pretty things it gave,
To lay them in the silent grave,
As soon as life expires.
The sun shines in my day of woe,
And,—as my friend,—it lights my foe.

The stars remind me much of beauty,—
And shine because it is their duty ;
But, they remind me of the fair,
Who change, with moon-beams, everywhere.
The evening, morning, night, and noon,
Bring trouble,—and expire,—too soon.

BEAUTY, EXPIRING.

And must that flame of light expire ?
The lamp of love !—that eye of fire,—
Which looks so fixed,—yet glistening, now,—
In the pale dying maiden's brow ?
She gazes on me ;—but the stare,
Is as the mind's expiring glare.
She smiles ;—but what is joy to her,
At the brink of the yawning sepulchre ?
Her cheek is flushed ;—yet her hand is cold,
And her warm heart is beating slowly :—
Speak !—if thou canst,—for I've been told,
That dying words are holy.

THE TEAR OF CHARITY.

Woe to the wretch who has not given
His earthly frame one spark of heaven !
One throb of sympathy, one glow
Of generous pity ;—woe ! —ah woe !

The worst of woes is in his breast ;
His soul racked by a thousand fires,—
Feels not the balmy power of rest,—
That tamer of our mad desires !—
But hell, and Satan hurl him on,
With shouts of laughter, and with glee ;—
In life,—a foul and frantic one ;—
But,—when the living pulse is gone,—
Lost in that vast eternity.

Fierce flames of hell shall rend his soul,
While, sulphur waves, around him roll.
The darkest,—blackest of the curst,
Shall cry in anguish, grief, and pain,

For one small tear to cool his thirst ;—
And long,—and look for *that* in vain.
But shall that tear-drop be supplied,—
The tear he has so oft denied ?

My God !—if from this fragile clay,
It pleaseth thee to take away
All feeling, pleasure, hope, and joy ;—
When every other sense is gone ;—
My God,—my King,—Oh ! leave me one,—
The blessed tear of Charity.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY THE LAMENTED DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN OF GREAT
ATTAINMENTS, IN HIS FIFTEENTH YEAR.

'Twas at that gentle hour of night
Which sorrow, to her votaries gave ;
I wandered by the pale moon's light,
And looked upon the young man's grave.
Methought,—if beauty thus shall fade,
And flowers shall wither whilst they bloom,
How frailly is this nature made !
How welcome is the silent tomb !
For when the sleep of death shall cast,
Oblivion on the mouldering clay ;—
Then, life, and woe, and sorrows past ;—
The soul shall find eternal day,
In the sunshine of heaven,—in the light above,—
In the garden of bliss—with the source of love.
Where spirits may think on former woe,
And smile at the griefs they have wept for below ;

Where the heart shall be freed from anguish and pain,
And sorrow shall never oppress it again.

Blest then, indeed, sweet youth thought I,

So soon to leave this world and die,—

So soon to change an earthly vest

For one unchangeable and blest.

For thou shalt dwell in those fields and bowers,

And tread on a carpet of varied flowers,

Where thou mayest twine, with the glassy blade,

The violet sweet,—which shall never fade ;

Where the rose from its parent stem, thou mayest
sever,

To bloom in thy bosom for ever and ever ;

And lie beside the cool fountain, and sleep

By the waters, so harmless, though broad and deep :

Thy spirit,—once clear of its earthly grave,—

May live in the air, and dwell in the wave ;

For the dart of death shall have lost its power ;

And thou shalt bloom like a beauteous flower,

In the regions of bliss,—in the realms of light,—

In the morning of youth—where comes no night.

SONG.

The stars are bright, in the summer's night,
And the moon-beams gently shine ;
But no star, my love, that shines above,
Is so soft as that eye of thine.

The silvery dew, on the violets, blue,
Is pure as an angel's tear ;
But one smile from thee, is more to me,
Than an angel's voice my dear.

Then gently smile, on thy love awhile,
To cheer his beating breast ;
And I'll kneel to thee on my bended knee,
My brightest, fairest, best.

Then come from thy bower, at midnight hour,
When spirits on earth are creeping ;
For love has most power, in that lone hour,
“ When worldly hearts are sleeping.”

THOU WAST NOT FALSE.

Oh no !—thou wast not false,—I say,
But thou wast weak, and led away,—
I will not blame thee,—no ;
But rather, to kind mercy pray,
That bliss may sooth thee, every day,—
Whilst I am torn with woe.

May every blessing, dead to me,
Arise, and flourish unto thee,
Through days, through months,—through years ;
May laughter, love, and joy be heard,
And gladness, in each joyous word,
Whilst I am bathed in tears.

May children bless a mother's breast,
And in her children she be blest,
For all she ever gave ;—
And, last of all, tho' coolly said,
May she be on her bridal bed
When I am in my grave.

THE FADED FLOWER.

The lovely rose has lost its bloom,
Its leaves are floating in the gale ;
The earth,—that reared it,—has no tomb
For one so fair and frail.

The breeze, that fed it, in the pride
Of beauty, scorns a lot
So desolate, and scattereth wide
Its leaves,—and pitieth not.

The butterfly,—that graced the germ
Of the bright budding flower,—
Consigns it to the crawling worm
In its declining hour.

And so it is with earthly things,—
When beauty's glow is won ;—
And, woman, is the pride of kings,—
For what ?—to be undone.

I'll hie me to the garden then,
In sorrow and in grief;
And find,—the very scorn of men,—
The pale and dying leaf.

And should I, to my bosom bring,
One leaf, still bright, though faded;
I'll treasure up the fallen thing,
And glory,—though upbraided.

For woman!—thou hast brought me forth,
Thy white breast cherished me;
Though fallen thou, and nothing worth,
I still will cherish thee.

And when the world shall call me weak,
And chafe me with its slight,
May I have power to bring the weak,—
The guilty one,—to light.

THE SHADE OF THE DEPARTED.

By the light of the moon, let us hie to the tower,
Where the pomp of the mighty once shone ;
Let us seek in the ruin young Emily's bower,
Though the lady is faded and gone.

By the light of the moon, let us hie to the hall,
Where revellers feasted in summer's of old ;
On Emily's father,—the proud baron,—call ;—
But the parent and child are both withered and cold.

By the light of the moon, let us hie to the grove ;
The trees are still green, as in time, when they gave
A shade to the sigh, and the whisper of love ;—
But the lovers that whispered are now in the grave.

Let us hie to the abbey, and seek the cold stone,
That marks out the place where they lie ;
The baron,—the daughter,—and lover are gone,
And so shall we all of us die.

PORTRAIT.

By a thin tallow candle, up three pair of stairs,
I sit, and reflect on the world and its cares;
Though my lodging is humble, my bosom is free,
So what is the world and its troubles to me.

I smoke my cigar, with my glass full of ale,
I know that my nature is brittle and frail;
Though my purse is the lightest,—my mite gives me
glee,—
So what is the world or its troubles to me.

But one other whiff, and I'll take me to bed;
On pillow of down I will comfort my head;
If sleep shall be mine,—as I trust it will be,—
Oh what is the world and its troubles to me.

On my soft little pallet I'll hie me to rest,
To dream of the girl my bosom loves best;
When I think on my dear one,—though humble is
she,—
Oh what is the world and its troubles to me.

THE RAKE, TO HIS LOST LOVE.

They say that I loved thee not ;—say what they will,
Though wretched my conduct,—I doat on thee still ;
Though sad are my ways, and though vicious my
 shrine,
I will love thee my dear, though thou canst not be
 mine.

When my thoughtless companions, in guilt and in
 woe,
Shall gladden to madness, whilst goblets shall flow ;
Though my path is from virtue,—my ways are all ill ;
I will love thee, my dear, and will think of thee still.

Though my life-tide is ebbing, and ruin is near,
And my warm blood is chilled, that ran calmly and
 free ;
Though thou may'st forget one,—who lov'd thee too
 dear,—

In guilt, and in woe, I will think upon thee.

And, should I reform,—but the hope of it's past,—
I'll kneel at thy feet, for a smile from that eye,—
Though given in pity ; and though 'tis the last,
I then shall contentedly wither and die.

VANITY OF LIFE.

Did'st e'er on some transparent lake
Observe the sun-drops gently fritter,
And watch the bubbles, as they break,
Or, on the water's surface glitter?

Hast seen them mingle with the waves,
In gem-like splendour, as they fell;
Then, sink into their watery grave's,
And leave no trace behind to tell?

Their momentary splendour past,—
And, with their self-same nature, blended,—
How short a time such bubbles last?
Their life, begun, is quickly ended.

So, in mortality; we view
The child of fortune like a bubble,
Which, yesterday, to beauty grew,
Thus vanish in a sea of trouble.

REFLECTIONS AT TWILIGHT.

There is a gentleness in eve',
A soothing calm for those who grieve ;
And midnight's curtain seems to throw,
Oblivion's veil on mortal woe.

For who can gaze on that bright star,
Which smiles on alien nations 'far,
And mark the placid silvery light,
Of that fair guardian of the night ;

And feel no smile upon his cheek
Whilst looking on a thing so meek ?
Oh little star ! I'll watch thy ray !
Thy gleam shall chase my tears away !

Thy playfulness shall sooth the sigh,
My breast would heave for days gone by ;
Yes,—thou shalt waft my thoughts afar,—
To thy abode,—my heavenly star.

LINES,
ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD AND
COVENTRY.

Time's slowly moving finger sweeps away,
Each hour, each month, each fleeting year, each day;
And, in succession, generations rise;
And man is born into the world,—and dies!
We hear congratulations, daily poured
On the fond mother,—and, her child adored;
We see the infant grow to manhood's height;
We see him gifted with acquirements bright;
We hear his glory, and his works commend;
And style him son and father, master, friend.
Yet, heedless time, with towering wing moves on;
And soon,—this little life of man,—is gone,
We view the proud, the learned, and the brave,
By weeping mourners followed to the grave;
And they who, late, made merry at their birth,
Sigh o'er their bodies, crumbling in the earth.

Yet, when we hear yon proud cathedral toll
Its dismal bell, o'er the departed soul
Of good Cornwallis, who has breathed his last,
And, from these earthly scenes, to brighter realms
 is past;—
Each eye is wet with tears,—and every heart,
In universal sorrow takes a part.
It seems as if a soft persuasion ran
Through every heart, to weep for such a man;
O'er him, who, in religion's path-way trod,
And taught both high and low the way to God.
From him all manly virtues seemed to spring,—
Pride of his country! faithful to his king!
No haughty word from that good prelate fell;
Honoured by all,—he wore his honours well,
In him the poor man felt a father's care,
And, for his lengthened days oft raised a prayer,
A man, he was, to every good inclined,
And every noble passion ruled his mind,
With worldly riches he was largely blest,
And largely gave, to comfort the distrest.
He, with meek patience, pity's tale would hear,
And o'er the woes of others shed a tear.

Domestic life, in him a comfort found ;
Domestic happiness, by him, was crowned.
In godly piety his race he ran,
And lived beyond the common age of man.
But now, in silence rests that honoured head,
And he,—alas!—is numbered with the dead !—
To sleep amongst his fathers, till, on high,
The trumpet's sound shall vibrate through the sky ;
And summon every nation,—every clime,—
And every kindred race, of every time,
To new existence ;—from the long-closed tomb,—
Their judge to meet, and hear their final doom.
Then, when he rises from the hallowed ground,
Shall he receive the loud exulting sound,—
“ Well done, thou good and faithful servant, “ rise,
And wear a crown of glory in the skies.

SONG.

Awake!—'tis night!—

Though stars shine bright,

Yet the sable cloud will hide us;

Though winds shall blow,

In grief and woe,

No power, but death, shall divide us.

My war-cloak shall a shelter prove,

My breast-plate a mirror to reflect thee;

This arm uphold the maid I love,—

This sword shall glisten and protect thee.

Then awake, my dear,

Thy lover's ear,

Has caught the sound of the lightsome tread;

Oh Isabel,

I know thee well!—

Thou hast left, for thy lover, thy violet bed.

'Twas so she flew,
And shook the dew,
From the dark locks, which fringed her brow,
And soon she clung,
To the brave and young,
As the vine to the oaken bow.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

The rosebud of the summer's day,
Scarce blooms, before it dies away ;
And that sweet flower, which decked the morn,
Before the evening's chill, is torn,
And its fair leaves of crimson, cast
To the wild mercy of the blast.
And so it is with beauty's child ;—
The dawn of strength has scarcely smiled,
E're blasts of sickness, sad, and bleak,
Have swept the crimson from the cheek.
And yet,—why should our souls repine ?
This earthly garden, Lord, is thine !
And wit, and beauty, are the flowers,
Which gem and stud thy earthly bowers.
If, then, it pleaseth thee to break it,—
One flower above the rest,—and take it ;
By thy blest hand that soul is riven
From earth, to deck a bower in heaven.
Oh ! should we not with tears rejoice,
To think it blooms in Paradise ?

L. E. L.

'Tis strange to tell,
That L. E. L.;
Though savouring much of Satan's dwelling;
E, is between,
But is not seen,—
These L's, all other L's excelling,—
A Paradise the maid could make
Of any L she chose to take.
But why the devil, I should ask,
When having such a pleasant task,
A poetess, whose soul is flame,
Should take up such a brimstone name?
This is the answer always given,—
She sounds of hell,—but she is heaven.

MY NATIVE LAND.

There is a land where roses bloom,
Where vines, and figs, and laurels grow;
Where winter spreads no cheerless gloom,
And violets smile, and fountains flow.

There is a land where skies are blue,
Cloudless, and ever bright;
Ambrosial are the drops of dew,
That greet the morning light.

But let us look on earth, and sea,
On lands, with every luxury blest;
There is no land so great,—so free,—
As the fair island of the west.

Britain! though clouds hang o'er thy coast,
And winter rends thy shore;
Of all the lands that earth can boast,
My native land I most adore.

THE FALL OF WARSAW.

Fair Warsaw's blood-stained flag is down,
Stoops the eagle rear'd in bravery,
And the foeman has won an iron crown,—
For Warsaw's blood-stained flag is down,—
Slavery ! Slavery ! Slavery !

The shout of the victor stifles the cry
Of the blood streaming patriot's glory ;
They have nobly fought, and they nobly die !
Where are the Poles ? They live for aye,
In story ! In story ! In story !

Tho' the father is slain, the matron, still
Clasps her babe, in her clay cold hands ;
And her dying prayer is echoed shrill,
For vengeance over heath and hill,
To other lands ! to other lands !

And tell me what have the victor's won,
By their well flesh'd swords and bravery?
A march against freedom! 'tis done,—'tis done,—
The flag is down, and sets the sun,
Slavery! Slavery! Slavery!

A LOVER'S LAMENT.

Oh ! woe was the hour, that I parted from thee,
And mournful the words that were spoken ;
Since then the bright world has been nothing to me,
But my lone heart is weary and broken.—

Oh ! sad was the hour that I felt thy caress,
And the tear down thy cheek the last token,—
We parted in anguish,—thy prayer was to bless
The man whose fond heart you have broken.

Ah ! woe was the hour, I remember it well,
When each tender thought was awoken ;
And you scarcely could utter the fatal farewell
To him whose fond heart you have broken.—

Yes woe was the hour that I parted from thee,
And mournful the words that were spoken ;
Since then the bright world has been nothing to me,
But my lone heart is weary and broken.

ON A LADY'S EYES.

There was a flash and meteor of loveliness
Lighting to bliss in that soft blue eye ;
There was a gleam that could banish forgetfulness
Winning the heart tho' one knew not why.

Something of magic enchain'd beneath it,
Struggling to break from its captive chain,
Vision like, hushing the soul to sleep,
Yet painting delight in the sleepers brain.

There was a mildness, twining with gentleness,
There was a kindness far, far above
All that on earth could be seen or painted
What did it speak of, but joy and love.—

ON A POOR SAILOR,

DROWNED WITHIN SIGHT OF THE AUTHOR'S WINDOW.

I look'd on the sea

Its waters were calm,
And all wore to me,
A soft-hallow'd charm.—

My spirits were light
As I gazed on the deep,
For the sun shining bright
Bask'd the billows to sleep.—

I look'd out anon
And woefully found,
Whilst a minute had gone,
A poor sailor was drown'd.—

His heart had been light,
And as happy as mine,
But no more to his sight,
Shall the blue waters shine.—

Thought I my poor tar,

Tho' hard is thy fate,

To journey so far

From thy home and thy mate :—

Tho' pass'd is thy breath,

And chill is thy brow,

And the cold hand of death,

Has hold of thee now.—

The great God above,

Who watches his own,

Has look'd on thee with love,

From his merciful throne.

THE FRAILITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

I'll sit me by the way, and weep,
To warn each passer by,
That though he lives, and laughs, to day,—
To morrow—he may die.

What are we then? what are we then?
Light hearted, blythe, and gay;
What shall we be, what shall we be,
But dust, but earth, but clay?

The maiden, on whose crimson cheek
The rays of beauty bloom,
Shall feed the worm, that dieth not,
And wither in the tomb.

The warrior, and the warrior's child,
The old, the young, the fair,
The brave, the mighty, and the great,
Shall one day meet her there.

TO HELEN.

Oh ! wild is the harp,—
But gentle the strain,—
That shall chant of thy name
'Till I see thee again.

Oh ! soft be the music,
And mournful the lay,
For sad is my heart,
When my Helen's away.

Yes ! tears are my portion,
My moments are pain,
And so will they be,
'Till I see thee again.

But when we shall meet,—
If that ever shall be,—
My harp strings shall tell,
Thou art dearest to me.

ON A YOUNG LADY

WHO WENT INTO WIDOW'S WEEDS ON THE DEATH OF HER BETROTHED

A young and lovely widow wept,
 All clad in mourning drear;
 She looked so fair, I could have crept,
 And kissed away the tear.

Young widow, why dost sadly weep;
 Can I some hope impart?
 For though thy husband, dear, may sleep,
 God shields the broken heart.

A husband, Sir, I never knew,
 Nor wedding day can tell;
 And yet he was as kind and true,
 And loved me quite as well.

He watched my joy,—he soothed my woe,—
 His heart, with mine, did blend;
 He was to me a brother,—yes,—
 My husband,—father,—friend.—

He never would have left me,—nay,—

For me he would have died ;

But death, my *husband* took away,

Although I was no *bride*.

Cease then, dear woman ! cease, and I

Will be thy husband, dear,

If thou wilt only, when I die,

For me shed such a tear.

No more, no more,—I've loved my last !

All other thoughts are hollow ;—

And,—since my love to heaven is past,—

My soul shall quickly follow.

AGNES.

Her lips were as the scarlet thread ;

Her warm breast fed amidst lilies and love ;

Her smile was as tranquil as that of the dead,

Who die in the hope of a heaven above.

Her cheeks wore the peaches down, fed by the sun ;

Her teeth were the ivory gems of delight ;

Her hair was as soft as the silken threads, spun

By the Peri, who works in the hour of the night.

A TEAR.

Oh ! bright is the tear which by pity is shed

O'er the bodies of those who lie still in the grave ;
More lovely than marble, more meet for the dead,
Than the trappings of grandeur or banners that
wave.

For what is so chaste as the tear which shall break

From the bright eye of those whom we love ?

Oh ! shall it not gain, whilst it wetteth the cheek,

A passport to regions above.

For heaven e'er smiles on the dew drops that wet

The grave of the mortal whose spirit is fled ;

And pities the sorrow of those who regret

With tears and with sighs their friends who are
dead.

THE BRAVE POLES,

WRITTEN BEFORE THEIR HAPLESS FATE WAS DECIDED.

The mother weeps over her famishing brood.—
For the husband has left his wife,—
The softest hearts are awake for blood,
And the cry of war, like a mighty flood,
Bears all to the deadly strife.

And 'tis freedom's banner they have unfurl'd
All drenched in the bondsman's gore ;
And, from his throne, have a tyrant hurled,
Crying aloud to a wondering world,
“Despots shall reign no more” !

And their swords have burst the galling chain,
That treachery drew around them ;
'Twas freedom bid them awake again,—
Her cause, her glory to maintain,—
True children has she found them !

TO A NAMELESS FAIR ONE.

Dry up that tear in thy pretty blue eye,
There is nothing to fear,—for no danger is nigh;
The clouds, as our canopy, nature has spread,
And the daisies and lilies prepare for our bed.

Then dry up that tear, and give me a smile,—
We have nothing to fear in the absence of guile,
For I vow, by lovè's warbling,—the nightingale's
song,—

Not to harm thee, my dear, but to shield thee from
wrong.

Then dry up that tear in thy pretty blue eye,
And tell me thy love, for there's nobody by;
Thou hast told me, my dearest?—Thy heart it is
mine,

And in life, until death, I will ever be thine.—

THE MEETING OF
LOVE, LAUGHTER, SORROW, AND
REGRET.

Love, laughter, sorrow, and regret,—
Four spirits of the fancy,—met,
Just as the shining sun had set
Beneath the rippling sea ;
The first and second, lightly bent
Their wings,—one plumed with sentiment,—
The other buoyed with glee ;—
Whilst sorrow, slowly wafted thither,
Alighted gently on the plain,
The violet's beauty seemed to wither,
And droop, no more to smile again.
Regret, in anguish, clasped the three
In memory's net—she chanced to borrow ;
And bound with cords of misery,
These spirits,—laughter, love, and sorrow.

MEMORY.

Though many a year, with fleeting wings,
Shall change the face of men and things ;
Though many a summer's sun has shone,
And many a fair young form is gone ;

Yet memory will recall the shade,—
Nor let the dying colour fade,—
But picture worlds within the brain,
And make the lost one live again.

Give me an hour of that sweet calm,
When every grief becomes a balm ;
And sorrow's, darkening overthrow,
Breaths forth a halo in our woe ;

When tears of gentleness shall break,
And cool the flushed and burning cheek ;
That hour will bring one nearer, sure,
To all that's holy, just,—and pure.

'Tis seldom felt—but when 'tis given,
It is an earthly taste of heaven.—

THE LILY.

Oh did you not see,
By the old willow tree,
A lily white and fair ?
Oh did you but know,
In what anguish and woe,
The beautiful planted it there ?
As the type of her brain,
In the moment of pain,
She engrafted the flower,
In the river-god's bower ;
It was spotless and pure,—
But cannot endure.

As the sunny beams glow,
In the day of their light,
On the flowerets, that grow,
And desert them at night ;

Thus the frail youth, who swore
To protect her, through life,
Came to her no more

For she was not his wife :—

Yet the oath which was sworn,
And the vows which were given,
By angels were borne,
And were witnessed in heaven..

In sorrow he left her,
To shed the lone tear,
But the wretch had bereft her
Of all that was dear.

So she planted this flower,
Which cannot endure,
To shew, in that hour,
That her bosom was pure.

PITY.

If aught of Heaven to earth adheres,
And blesseth man's degenerate years,
'Tis pity—feeling, soft and kind,—
The brightest gem of virtue's mind,—
The clearest star which twinkles there,—
Immortal,—and divinely fair.

Oh! kind was providence to leave
A sympathy for those who grieve;
A soother for the heart of woe,—
The poor, the humble, and the low.

'Tis lovely as the coming morrow,
After a night of sleepless sorrow;
'Tis radiant as the bright sun's dawn,—
'Tis gentle as the summer's morn.

Whene'er I see the bright tear, stealing
Down beauty's cheek, for other's woe;

Methinks it is an angel, dealing
Her brightest attribute below.
It is a jewel, chaste, and fair,
And seems not of an earthly leaven ;
It serveth for the angel's prayer,
Yes !—'tis the language spoke in Heaven.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Ah!—weep ye for Byron,—whose touch on the
lyre
Could brighten the dull, and enliven the eye!
Whose verse was all pathos, whose soul was all fire,
Who could kindle the spirit, and raise the desire,
Oh!—is it for Byron ye sigh?

The man who left country 'midst strangers to roam,
And tempted, for them, the rude wave!
He feared not the the tempest, he recked not the
foam!
But,—ill-fated Byron!—instead of a home,
He found amidst strangers a grave.

The land that he left shall remember him dead,
And fathers their children shall tell,
That the couch, which he died on, by strangers
was spread,
And over his corse, the first tear that was shed,
Down the cheek of a foreigner fell.

POLAND.

A star shall shine above the grave
Of Poland's son ;
And mark the glory of the brave
Whose work is done !

It shall gleam through Heavens bright
Brilliantly shining ;
To mark, in tyranny's dull night,
Freedom declining.

And, as a lamp through future years,
To spirits sleeping,
A fire-spark to dry the tears
Of Poland, weeping.

And as a beacon in the sky
To rally the brave ;
Revenge shall they, or die,—
Those in the grave.

Mother's shall look at that bright ray
And consecrate,
The child of their bosom, for the day
Of better fate.

That star shall gleam o'er hill and plain,
To tell !—to tell !
Poland will awake again,—
Farewell !—farewell !

FINALE.

Muse,—that delightst in tears,—sad weeping maid !—
Clad in the virgin whiteness of young grief;—
Come from thy lonely cell ?—beneath the shade
Of woe's own canopy,—the cypress leaf ;

And let thy dark, soul-speaking eye, in love
One solitary smile, 'midst tears, impart ;
And lend me thy soft music from above,
To tell the last throbs of a broken heart.

Was it not exquisite in joy ?—Delight
Swelled every vein at soft words spoken !—
It beat with all that's noble, generous, bright ;—
It gave itself to love,—and it was broken.

Muse ?—I grow sad myself ;—I cannot write ;—
And thou, I fear, hast little to impart ;—
So I'll put up my paper ;—a good night ;
And mayst thou never have a broken heart.

BIRMINGHAM :

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